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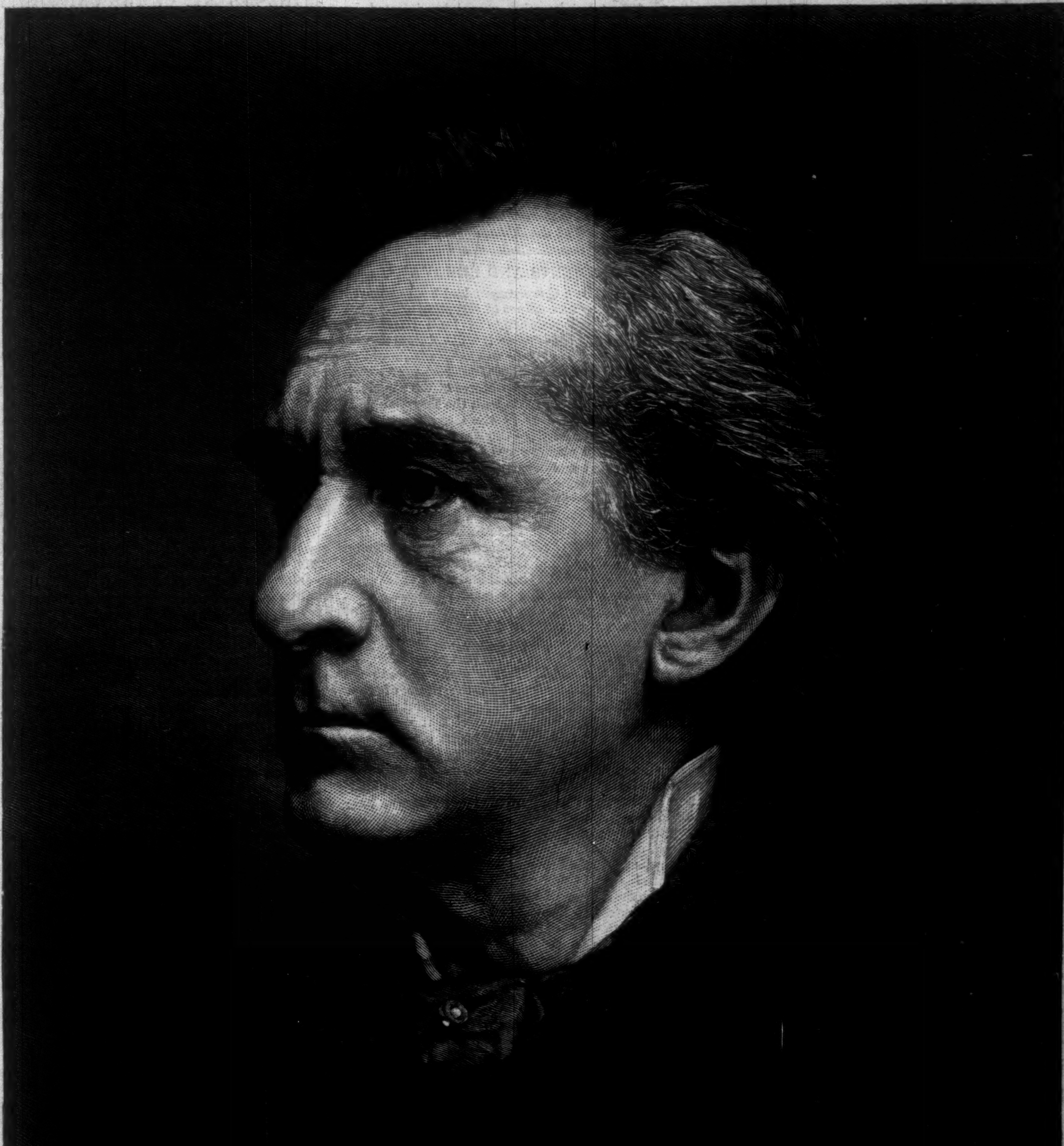


EDWIN BOOTH.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar may be had for the years 1882, 1883, and 1884. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is Messrs. Harper & Brothers' intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.

"Harper's Young People deserves to be successful. The pictures are first-rate. All young people will be charmed with them, and with the short humorous stories."—*Literary World, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

Number 281, published March 17, is an especially interesting and well illustrated number.

The front-page is an excellent engraving, entitled "The Last Coast of the Season." Occupying another full page is an engraving from a picture by J. Macdonald, *entitled*

"THE FISHING CAMP,"

which illustrates an article by Kirk Munroe. *Both of these illustrations are fine examples of the best style of wood-engraving.*

Mr. Howard Pyle's *quaint fairy story, "How Dame Margery Twist Saw More than was Good for Her," with characteristic illustrations by the author, will delight all readers, and those who are following the fortunes of "Rolf House" and its inmates will be deeply interested in the turn of events developed in the present installment.*

Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie *contributes an article on "The English Madrigal," and* Mrs. Sangster *tells for young readers some interesting anecdotes about the home life of* Charles Dickens.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 21, 1885.

THE SITUATION.

THE inaugural address of President CLEVELAND and its reception by the country plainly illustrate the political situation. There is nothing in the address to which any Republican can take exception, except, perhaps, that its references to the tariff are not in a high protective strain, and several Republican members of Congress are reported to have waited upon the President and to have said to him, as Republicans, that they believed he might count upon Republican support in carrying out the principles of the address. The Republican press generally has received the address with approval. A few of the mere partisan organs have sneered at it as commonplace and full of platitudes—a comment which would be equally applicable to WASHINGTON'S farewell address. But none even of the mere organs which represent nothing whatever but stolid party servility criticise or censure any principle stated or policy foreshadowed in the address. They are obliged to say nothing more than that, however sincere the President may be, his party will not permit him to take a wise, patriotic, or reform course. If this assertion should prove to be true, there is no doubt that his party's tenure of power would expire with the Administration.

The address and its reception show conclusively what has been constantly alleged, that the two parties have ceased to represent any distinctive policies. There was no contest upon party principles or policies during the campaign. Mr. RANDALL and Mr. CARLISLE were both Democratic orators. But they did not support Mr. CLEVELAND as a free-trader. Even the New York *Tribune* admits that there is a strong element of the Democratic party which favors protection. Civil service reform was opposed by the active politicians of both parties. The Republicans made the best declaration in their platform. But the Democrats nominated the Democrat who was most practically identified with the reform, while the Republican claim to be a party sincerely devoted to reform was confronted by the Republican candidate, by Mr. ELKINS at the head of the campaign committee, and by Republican attempts to evade the law in collecting assessments from office-holders. The Republican party was defeated, not because of preference of the Democratic party, but because the true Republican spirit and purpose were not represented by the Republican candidate. There has been no new party formed. It is not evident that a new party is forming. But it is perfectly clear that the future of the Republican party—except as a mere choice of evils, which is always a temporary situation—depends upon the proof furnished by its nominations and the character of its measures that it is actually a party of progress and honest reform. There is no nonsense so absurd as the assertion that the Republican party is stronger than ever, because at the late election it lost a large body of most intelligent and independent Republicans and gained a large number of Democratic Irish Catholic votes. To any one who knows the history and the nature of the party this talk is the driveling babble of idiocy.

In this situation the success of the Administration, which comes in upon no other ground than that of reform, will depend wholly upon the satisfaction of that expectation. The President and his Cabinet are Democrats. They are naturally solicitous to commend their party to public confidence. But obviously, at a time when neither party stands distinctively for a definite policy, public confidence can be secured only by justifying the expectations which determined the election. The danger of the Administration lies in a possible disposition to suppose that the country has approved the Democratic party, and that an ingenious manipulation of power may maintain the party ascendency. Such a belief, however, reduced to practice, would lead straight to defeat. If, for instance, the advice of the Bourbons should be followed, to use the national patronage in New York to control the State election in the autumn, the result may be foreseen. Mr. CLEVELAND is himself the monument of the consequences of the mere suspicion of such a policy. The Administration would be defeated in New York by the votes of those who brought it into power. The actual political situation is a contention between the parties for the support of the country, not upon differing policies, but upon honest reform administration. The Republican representatives were willing to promise support of the Democratic Administration if the principles of the inaugural address were sincerely enforced. They hold that they are really Republican principles. Very well: it was Republican distrust of the probable enforcement of those principles by the Republican party—a distrust founded upon the Republican nomination—which made the Administration Democratic instead of Republican. This fact is the key of the situation.

APPOINTMENTS AND REMOVALS.

IF the GLADSTONE Government had been censured by Parliament for its conduct of Egyptian or Russian questions, and had resigned, and Lord SALISBURY and the Tories had come in, or if a dissolution should take place, and a Tory House of Commons should be returned, nothing would be more ludicrous than a consequent change in all the post-offices of the kingdom, as if they had anything to do with the Egyptian policy or the Russian policy of the Government. In speaking, some years ago, of the American practice of "what is termed a clean sweep of the entire civil service in all its ranks and departments on each accession of a Chief Magistrate," Mr. GLADSTONE said: "Our practice is as different as possible. We limit to a few scores of persons the removals and appointments on these occasions, although our Ministries seem to us not unfrequently to be more sharply severed from one another in principle and tendency than are the successive Presidents of the United States." There is no more reason for changing a good postmaster or a good collector, provided he is not a party politician, because of a party change in the national administration, than for changing a surrogate or a bell-ringer.

We say provided he is not a party politician, because here is the mischief. For many years in the national administration, and in the State of New York ever since the Council of Appointment nearly a hundred years ago, all places, except those in the courts, have been treated as the spoils of party, and given as a reward for party service, or in deference to party and political influence. The important offices, therefore, have naturally become head-quarters of partisan activity, and under Democratic, Whig, and Republican ascendency they have been made political agencies of the administration party quite as much as of the public service. The demand for reform, however, and the passage of the reform law have made some important changes in this situation. Some of the chief officers in the service, like Mr. PEARSON, the Postmaster of New York, and the clerks in the post-offices and custom-houses who are included in the law, and other subordinates who have served faithfully and not politically, are no more within the partisan and political category than similar officers and subordinates in Great Britain. To disturb such incumbents upon partisan or political grounds would be a flagrant violation of the vital principle of reform.

The same principle, however, requires when a politician holding such an office is removed because of the partisan use made of his office, or for the same reason is not re-appointed upon the expiration of his term, that he shall not be replaced by another political agent. It is not reform to appoint a Democratic politician to such an office in place of a Republican politician. That is the very substance of the spoils system. It is the precise evil which reform would correct. To turn rascals out is a good rule, but to turn rascals in is an intolerable abuse. The conduct of the Administration upon this subject will be closely scanned. There are great numbers of changes that ought to be made, but they ought to be made in the interest of reform; that is to say, of lifting out of politics the public service which is essentially non-political. In obedience to the same principle every officer whose term expires, and who has been a non-partisan and thoroughly satisfactory officer, ought to be re-appointed. These facts, of course, can be determined only by the appointing power, and not by the partisan friends of the officer. But the sincerity of the action will be accurately measured in every community, and the Administration will be judged accordingly. For ourselves, we shall endeavor to treat the Administration and our readers with entire fairness in this matter. We shall not attempt to excuse any evasion or abuse of sound principles by the Administration, and we shall not denounce it as utterly insincere and treacherous because of what may seem to us occasional departures from the strict rule. Neither President HAYES nor President ARTHUR was consistent in his regard for the spirit and principles of reform. Yet neither could be justly said to have betrayed it, and under the Administrations of both the cause moved steadily forward. The same candor with which those Administrations were treated by the friends of reform is certainly due from them to the present Administration.

THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

DURING the last few years there have been rapid changes in the membership of the Board of Regents of the University of New York. The oldest member, excepting Vice-Chancellor CLINTON, LORENZO BURROWS, of Albion, has recently died at the age of eighty. He was appointed in 1858. Mr. CLINTON was appointed two years earlier, and within the last fifteen years the Board of nineteen members has been almost entirely renewed. Three members only remain who were appointed before 1870. One of the most accomplished of the Regents, Mr. J. CARSON BREVOORT, resigned a few months since by reason of ill health, and his place, with that of Mr. BURROWS, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. HAMILTON HARRIS, of Albany, and Mr. DANIEL BEACH, of Watkins, Schuyler County.

The centenary of the Regents was celebrated last July. The duties of the Board are not generally familiar to the public. But not only is it one of the most venerable and important, it is also one of the most economical and efficient, of the departments of the State service. It shares with the Legislature the power of chartering colleges and academies, of which it has the right of visitation, and it distributes the bounty of the State to academies, conducting a vast and most useful system of academic examinations. It confers honorary degrees above the degree of Master of Arts. It is the trustee of the State Library and Museum of Natural History, and it is constantly charged by the Legislature with duties pertaining to the interests of education and related interests.

With its nineteen appointed members, who are elected by the Legislature, and who serve until death, resignation, or removal, there are associated, *ex officio*, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The executive force consists of a secretary and assistant secretary, an inspector of teachers' classes, and a clerk. The members of the board are paid only the amount of their actual expenses in attendance upon meetings, and the efficient work of the office is accomplished with extraordinary economy. The executive officer of the board is the secretary, Dr. DAVID MURRAY, a scholar and man of affairs, who was summoned to Japan in 1872 to organize the system of education in that country, and who conducts the enormous details of the work of the Regents with signal ability. The Regents are nominated by a party caucus, but the Board is absolutely non-political and non-sectarian. Republicans, Democrats, Catholics, and Protestants of every name and degree meet and harmoniously confer, intent only upon the interests of education and the State. If every department of the State affairs were managed in the same spirit which animates the Board of Regents, the people of New York would have good reason to congratulate themselves.

CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE proclamation of General BARRIOS, of Guatemala, uniting the five Central American states into a consolidated republic, with himself as chief, is not an event which should lead to the ratification of the Nicaragua treaty as a means of frustrating his designs. There are other questions involved in the treaty quite as important as that of the plans of General BARRIOS. If the Central American states, or any of them, or General BARRIOS, trespass upon our rights, we are quite able to protect ourselves. If any European government proposes to establish itself anywhere in our vicinity in a manner which seems to us menacing, we can inquire into the matter, and take all necessary action. If war should occur between the Central American states, and France, under the plea of protecting Mr. LESSEPS'S Panama Canal, should assume any questionable attitude, the power of interrogatory is still left to the Yankee.

It is, we presume, the settled policy of the United States that no foreign power shall possess the Isthmus. The CLAYTON-BULWER treaty still exists, and by that treaty the United States and Great Britain bind themselves not to occupy or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America. Both of them probably, the United States certainly, do not intend that any other nation shall do in Central America what they have engaged not to do themselves. If the ulti-

mate object of BARRIOS, therefore, after subduing the country, should be to invite the protectorate of France, he would find that there were other powers to be considered. But there is no reason to suppose France to be ignorant of the situation, or that she would count upon the passivity of Great Britain or the United States if she should proceed, under any pretext, to occupy or exercise dominion in any part of Central America.

Among the many reports from Washington is one to the effect that the Administration will withdraw all the treaties now pending in the Senate for consideration until the meeting of Congress. The Secretary of State, as a Senator, is understood to have opposed the Nicaragua treaty, and as he has studied the situation carefully, there is no reason to suppose that his views will undergo a change because of the BARRIOS enterprise. It is evident that the Nicaragua treaty was not warmly received, nor generally approved by the country, and there is no general feeling that any European power meditates an incursion into Central America. Neither is there any apprehension that the United States will be caught napping. If we are unwilling to be longer bound with Great Britain not to occupy, or fortify, or exercise dominion in Central America, we can come to a distinct understanding upon the subject. It is not that we ask leave or scorn to ask leave of Great Britain to do what we think for our interest, but that we scorn to disregard our pledged honor.

MR. FAIRCHILD.

THE first act of the Secretary of the Treasury was to invite Mr. FAIRCHILD, one of the most upright and able of the younger public men of New York, to be Assistant Secretary. Mr. FAIRCHILD has been Attorney-General of the State, and he was the firm and efficient enemy of the Canal Ring and of the TWEED Ring. Naturally he was bitterly denounced by the traders of his party, and was refused a renomination. Mr. FAIRCHILD was an active member of the Executive Committee of the Civil Service Reform Association, and resigned upon becoming one of the city board of examiners under Mayor EDSON. A better appointment could not have been made, and the Secretary, the Department, and the country are to be congratulated upon it. If all important Republican appointments had been of the same character, it would have been happier for the party. The good impression produced by Mr. FAIRCHILD'S appointment, however, is not confirmed by the selection, as Appointment Clerk, of Mr. EUGENE HIGGINS, who is stated to be merely a spoils politician.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE political amenities of the hour are more significant than the familiar party "gag." The new Postmaster-General, Colonel VILAS, was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature, and upon the motion of a Republican—forgetting for a moment that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND was the triumph of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion—the Legislature unanimously declared that the President had "committed that branch of the government service which is nearest to the people to the hands of a clean, conscientious, and progressive statesman."

MR. SCHURZ'S LECTURES.

MR. SCHURZ is about delivering two lectures in New York, one of which, upon BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, will have been given before this paper appears, and the other, upon ABRAHAM LINCOLN, will be delivered at Steinway Hall on Friday evening, March 20, at eight o'clock. Mr. SCHURZ'S calm and judicial mind, his intellectual independence, broad grasp, and acute analysis make his treatment of such a subject singularly interesting.

During the campaign of 1860, which resulted in the election of Mr. LINCOLN, there were no more comprehensive, incisive, and admirable speeches than those of Mr. SCHURZ, and that loyalty to high political ideals which made him a Republican leader, and the courage which has enabled him always to follow his own convictions rather than a party mandate, give peculiar value to his views of the early Republican contest and its great martyr.

THE POSTMASTER AT NEW YORK.

THE re-appointment of Mr. PEARSON as Postmaster of New York is not asked by Independent Republicans who are also civil service reformers as a reward for their votes, nor as a "recognition of their claims." They, in common with reform Democrats, regard it as an appointment which ought to be made upon the soundest public principle, and not as a favor to any persons nor as a sop to any faction. If he should be re-appointed in acknowledgment of a supposed right to demand a share of the spoils of patronage, an excellent postmaster would be secured, but at the cost of the essential principle of selection for the public service. The re-appointment has not been asked upon any political or personal grounds whatever, and if it should be made, however it may be interpreted by Republican and Democratic Bourbons, so far as the friends of reform are concerned it would be an illustration of the fidelity of the President to the views which he has often distinctly declared.

THE FIGHT FOR NIAGARA.

A GREAT many petitions in favor of the Niagara reservation have been presented to the Legislature, and there is no doubt of a strong and general desire that the State shall be spared the discredit of permitting the cataract to be ruined as a spectacle, thereby showing itself to be stupidly careless of its sublime possession.

There is, however, some opposition to the purchase of the land which will secure to everybody the free sight of Niagara forever, and some adverse petitions have been presented. The active agent in the opposition is stated to be the Prospect Park Company, which now owns many of the advantageous points about the falls, and which charges well for the opportunity of seeing the spectacle. But approval of the scheme of reservation in the interest of the public is so general that the passage of the bill is confidently anticipated, and the Governor will undoubtedly sign it.

There is no proposition of an elaborate park, as is sometimes mistakenly alleged. The design is merely to preserve the banks free from obstructions of every kind, with the object of maintaining an unimpeded view of the cataract always open to the public. To this end unsightly buildings must be removed, and their re-erection prevented. The surveys and calculations have all been carefully made, and no tax-payer or citizen who knows the character and the sagacity of the Commissioners need fear that there is any form of jobbery in the enterprise. It is a great and beneficent public work, worthy of the State and of the country.

THE TEA INSPECTORSHIP.

WE recently referred to the controversy over the Tea Inspectorship in this city, and to the charge that the examination was unfair. Importance was given to the charge by the fact that the late Secretary of the Treasury declined to appoint the candidate who stood highest upon the list of successful competitors. This was the right of the Secretary under the law, but at the meeting of the Reform Association of Brooklyn it was urged that civil service reform must be watched, because the action of the Secretary showed that fraud might creep into it.

This was a plain allegation, in the form of an insinuation, that there had been foul play in the examination, and that the Secretary had therefore rejected the candidate who was nominated. Mr. POTTS, the secretary of the association, thereupon addressed a letter to the Secretary, who replied that "this Department was satisfied that the examination was fair and proper in every way, and it was not thought necessary to pay any farther attention to that matter."

The insinuation against the honor of the examiners was absurd to every one who knew them, and its utter baselessness is shown by the reply of Secretary McCULLOCH.

LAMAR AND SUMNER.

ELEVEN years ago, when CHARLES SUMNER died, Secretary LAMAR, a "rebel brigadier," and then a member of the House of Representatives, said—and his words may well be pondered by those who respect the memory of SUMNER, and who believe with him as he said in the bill which he introduced in December, 1872, that the names of battles with fellow-citizens should not be continued in the army register nor placed on the regimental colors of the United States—Mr. LAMAR said:

"Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess or Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas—a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty, of the Constitution received from their fathers.

"CHARLES SUMNER in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or, if it is not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of a great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one—one not merely in political organization, one not merely in community of language and literature, and traditions and country, but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart?"

THE FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE Free Circulating Library is one of the most modest but effective charities in the city, whose good work is illustrated by the number of persons who avail themselves of its opportunities. During the month of February there were 14,599 applications for books at the central library, 49 Bond Street, and 4078 readers in the reading-room. There were 9618 books taken out. At the OTTENDORFER branch library there were 8191 volumes taken out during the month, and there were 6044 visitors to the reading-room.

These figures show the extent of the service rendered to those who would have no other opportunity to read books and periodicals. Experience shows also how little the opportunity is abused. The books are carefully returned, and the percentage of loss is insignificant. The books, however, are necessarily worn out, and must be replaced. Boys' and girls' books especially are in great demand, and of course they have worn more rapidly than the others.

One of the most useful forms of charity would be the gift of such books, of which there is a superfluity in thousands of homes, and which, intrusted to the excellent management of the Free Circulating Library, would continue their mission of pleasure and instruction until they had done all the good service possible, and were totally and honorably disabled.

PERSONAL.

A NEW YORK lady who recently had the pleasure of seeing much of Mr. RUSKIN socially says that the famous critic blushes scarlet when contradicted in conversation, and immediately leaves the room, but, so long as his views are not opposed, is a most delightful and tireless talker.

—It is an interesting fact that since Mr. IRVING first appeared in this city and showed us how a first-class drama may be set upon the stage, and with what intelligent attention to details it may be played, the two theatres which up to that time had led all the rest in the quality of their stock companies have almost continually been in trouble.

—As soon as Colonel VILAS had taken the oath of office as Postmaster-General he turned toward Mrs. VILAS and kissed her. President CLEVELAND took his oath of office on the well-worn Bible which his mother gave him when he was leaving home. These two acts have done something at the start for the new administration.

—Mr. BEECHER has received a letter from a troubled woman who had just joined a church, but who felt that she was not good enough to have done so. He replies to her that the church is only a stepping-stone to Christianity, and that any person with a true Christian spirit can be a Christian without going near a church.

—The ex-King of Portugal is suffering from the same disease that afflicts General GRANT, with this difference, that in the latter case the trouble is on the right side of the root of the tongue, while in the former it is on the left side.

—Many thousand Americans have heard of the death of T. S. ARTHUR with a sense of personal loss, and of him it may be said that he never wrote a book that did not exert a wholesome influence upon the young minds that enjoyed it. Mr. ARTHUR was seventy-six years old.

—Mr. A. A. LOW, father of young Mayor LOW, will soon commemorate a beloved daughter by building a memorial mission in De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, near the City Hospital. The structure will be called St. Phœbe's Home, will cost $45,000, and will be used to lodge and feed the unfortunate poor. This is better than spending the money on a marble mausoleum.

—The Hon. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, after a term of honorable service as Minister to Italy, will receive his friends at his villa in Newport next summer.

—Herr SONNENTHAL, the most celebrated of German actors, who is now playing an engagement in this city, tells a reporter the following tale: "For twelve years past I have been followed almost daily by a woman. I have never spoken one syllable to her, nor she to me. Never has the slightest communication of any kind passed between us. For twelve years I have seen her almost nightly at the theatre; I have caught occasional glimpses of her at a window or on the balcony of some house in some street in which I might be living; I have met her in obscure villages when on some tour of rest. Whenever I fail to see her, some piece of ill luck always seems to befall me. At first her continual re-appearances somewhat worried me. I tried to communicate with her, but always failed. Finally I grew to regard her as my lucky star. I have built up an ideal in my mind concerning her. Not for the world would I speak to her, lest that ideal should be destroyed. Judge of my astonishment when I saw my *Glücksengel* on board the ship when we were a few days out. When I open to-morrow night at the Thalia, I know I shall see her there. If on the night I am to play Hamlet my eyes fall on her, I know I shall carry all before me." The good angel was present when he opened, and he did carry all before him.

—General LEW WALLACE feels much hurt at some animadversions on his military career made by General GRANT in a recent magazine article, and will soon make an exhaustive reply to them by giving his own version of the battle of Shiloh.

—The *Saturday Review*: "All possible precautions will of course be taken to secure the safety of the Prince and Princess of Wales during their visit to Ireland, and we are far from suggesting a doubt as to their proving sufficient. But when all is done in this way that can be done, it can not avail to absolutely exclude all risk. A certain amount of risk is inseparable from the plan itself, and therein lies its principal chance of impressing the people chiefly concerned."

—In a chapter on Priests and Women, Mr. HAMERTON observes: "Without leisure it is difficult to have such quiet and pleasant manners as the clergy generally have. Very busy men generally seem preoccupied with some idea of their own which is not what you are talking about; but a leisurely man will give hospitality to your thought."

—An autograph letter from ADAM SMITH, written in 1772, has been published, in which the great political economist says: "I think myself very much honored and obliged to you for having mentioned me to the East India Directors as a person who would be of use to them. You have acted in your old way of doing your friends a good office behind their backs, pretty much as other people do them a bad one."

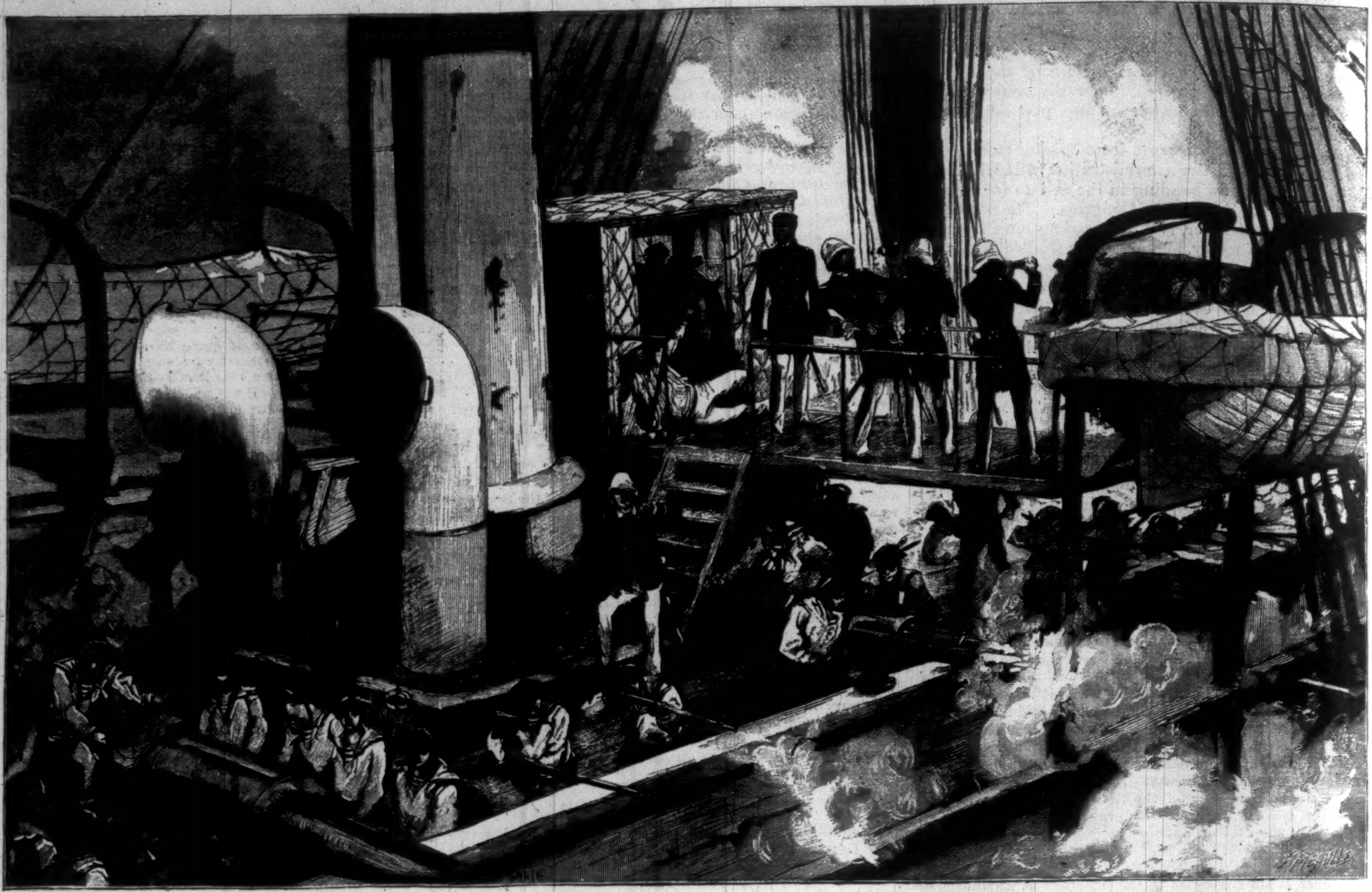
—All the most flourishing clubs in New York city are composed of two classes—the younger members and the older ones. Sometimes these two classes come in conflict on a question of internal polity, but whenever they do the juveniles are beaten, as in the recent case of the triumphant re-election of Mr. WILLIAM R. TRAVERS to the presidency of the Athletic Club.

—In a hitherto unpublished letter the late Mr. JOHN STUART MILL wrote to a friend, "I am convinced that family life has nothing to fear from the perfect civil and political equality of the sexes."

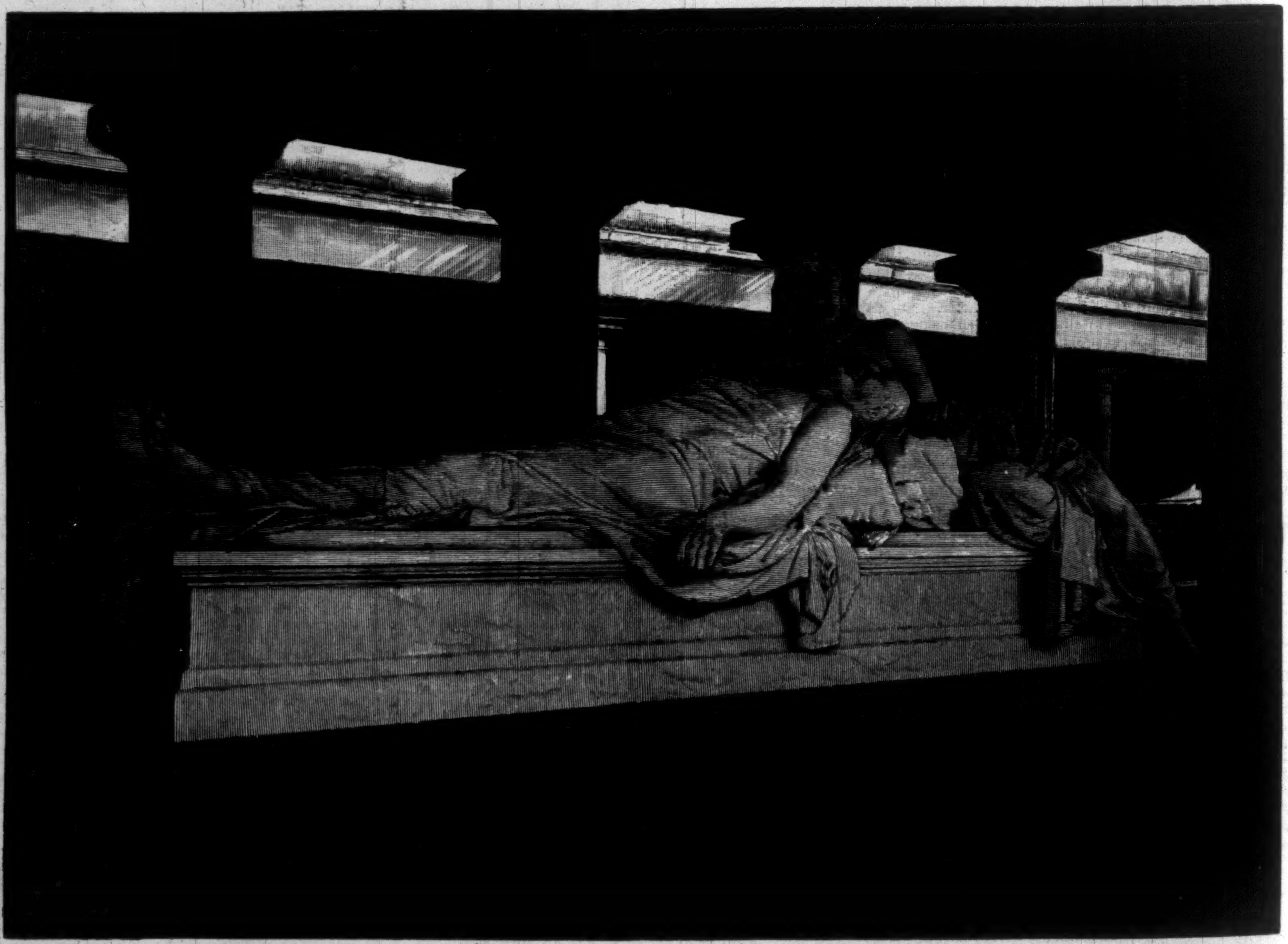
—Professor BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, expresses the opinion that the newspaper interview is a sensible institution; but he complains that in reports of his public addresses the "lively passages" appear to the exclusion of his calm judgments on matters of deep import. Nevertheless, he thinks that "there is far too much of everything nowadays: far too much eating, far too much drinking, far too much preaching, far too much writing, far too much speaking."

—Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH has written a delightful volume called *The Boys' Book of Battle Ballads*, consisting of a series of ballads commemorative of notable American battles and skirmishes, from colonial times to the beginning of the civil war, with notes, biographical sketches, portraits, and other illustrations. All bright boys will be interested in this book, and be glad to know that Dr. ENGLISH, who recently underwent a severe surgical operation, which he bore with admirable fortitude, is on the way to a speedy recovery.

—The Rochester *Morning Herald* prints the following explanation of a matter which has occasioned some comment in our own columns: "A week or two ago the artist T. DE THULSTRUP had a full-page illustration of 'Logging in Wisconsin,' in HARPER'S WEEKLY, in which one team was represented as drawing a load of fifteen great pine logs piled in five courses. It was at once made the subject of criticism as being highly exaggerated. The uttered wisdom of one of these critics coming to the attention of Mr. DE THULSTRUP, he hired a photographer to go out into the woods and take one of these tremendous loads from life. This he sent to the WEEKLY, which had it engraved for the current number. It vindicates the artist completely. In an accompanying letter Mr. DE THULSTRUP says the criticism does not wholly surprise him, as such sled-loads of logs are as astonishing in reality as incredible in illustration. But he does not give the explanation that would allay much of the suspicion of the Eastern reader. In the logging camps of the West the workmen, at the beginning of the season, make a road by packing down the snow, and often pouring on water, which freezes until it is a glare of ice, broken only by the sharp calks on the horses' shoes. Mr. DE THULSTRUP 'got' his critics, however, quite as neatly as did Mr. GIBSON, the artist, who, noticing that one critic of his last season's book gave the credit of fine workmanship of one of the pictures wholly to the engraver, modestly pointed out the fact that it was one of his own drawings reproduced by the photo-engraving process."



THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR—AN EPISODE OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FOO-CHOW.—[See Page 186.]



THE TOMB OF JUAREZ IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.—[See Page 186.]

JOHN CADWALLADER, OF PHILADELPHIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

GENERAL E. C. WALTHALL, THE NEW SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN, OF NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL, OF ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK, THE NEW PENSION COMMISSIONER.
[SEE PAGE 186.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUSAN'S REVENGE.

WHILE Miss Susan Bowman was hatching schemes of vengeance and brushing her mistress's hair with unnecessary violence, while the select portion of the public which calls itself society was criticising the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, and while one of the contributors to that journal was complacently telling himself twenty times a day that the world was a pleasant place to live in, Mrs. Adrian Vidal was chiefly occupied in stitching at certain diminutive garments, which were hastily thrust under the sofa cushions when a visitor was announced.

We are often told that approaching maternity brings with it a peculiarly ennobling and purifying influence — that a woman is never nearer heaven than when this prospect opens before her, and a good deal more to the like effect. All this may be—and we will hope that it is—perfectly true. We may concede that a woman who doesn't like babies is an unnatural and rather shocking sort of woman; and yet we may be allowed to doubt whether many women, when they marry, bestow much thought upon the ordinary consequence of marriage. Clare, at any rate, had not done so. This sitting at home while her husband went out into the world, this anxious conning of household bills, this solitary and often apprehensive waiting for the unknown—well, perhaps it was the natural and fitting life for her to lead; but it was not the life she had dreamed of on sunny summer days at Polruth. There were times when she was desperately lonely and not a little homesick. It is not permitted to any one, however young, or however much in love, to break all at once and altogether with the past; and there were many things that Clare missed, without knowing how much she missed them. She wanted her kind old fussy mother; she wanted the boys; she wanted space and liberty, and the fresh, healthy ring of young voices and laughter about her. And so it came to pass that from time to time a tear would splash down upon her sewing, and she had to take herself severely to task for a discontent which she acknowledged to be unjustifiable. The failure of previous dreams to fulfill themselves did not prevent her from continuing to dream as she sewed; and lest she should fall too low in the estimation of mothers, it may be added that in these fanciful pictures of the future the coming tyrant played a very important part. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; when one thing fails, another must needs take its place, or we could not go on living at all. It may be that Clare had some unacknowledged consciousness that "baby fingers, waxen touches," must be accepted as a substitute for certain ideals which can never be realized in this world.

And, after all, she was not lonely, as most people count loneliness. In these days Adrian frequently asked a friend or two to dine with him quietly; and it was with affectionate warmth that he congratulated his wife upon the excellent little dinners which she contrived to set before them. It pleased Clare that he should be pleased; and it also pleased her to make the acquaintance of the colleagues whom he invited to his house, and who were entertaining enough in their way. Some of them had wives who called upon her, and every now and then a lady of fashion who had taken up Mr. Vidal would remember that Mr. Vidal was a married man, and would good-naturedly push a voyage of discovery as far as Alexandra Gardens.

Amongst these was one with whose condescension Clare could very well have dispensed; but she was determined to conquer a distrustfulness which had caused her to act foolishly upon a previous occasion, and when Lady St. Austell, all smiles and geniality, was ushered into her little drawing-room, she did her best to respond to the kindness of her visitor's greeting. Lady St. Austell, who, for her part, thought Clare singularly uninteresting, disguised her sentiments as effectively and with as little exertion as usual.

"I have found you out, you see—or rather, I have found you in, which is so much nicer. What a pretty house you have got! I met your husband the other night, and he told me your address. Why were you not with him? You are not going out just now?——oh—h!" Her ladyship took in the situation, and looked sympathetic and just a shade contemptuous. She had never herself been debarred from the pleasures of society by any such cause, and she felt a sincere pity for less fortunate people. "I was hoping that you would dine with us quite quietly some evening," she went on; "but of course, if you think you had better not— Perhaps you will spare us Mr. Vidal, though; we should be so glad to see him."

Clare murmured that she was sure her husband would be most happy, and secretly hoped that her husband might be prevented by a previous engagement from accepting the threatened invitation.

The invitation, however, when it came, proved to be for an evening on which Adrian was not engaged, and he drove off to Grosvenor Square with anticipations of amusement which were amply fulfilled. Only seven people besides himself sat down round the oval table, and probably nobody's enjoyment was interfered with by the circumstance that the master of the house, who had gone to Newmarket, was not one of them.

Lady St. Austell's guests were all young, and, judging by their conversation, were of a cheerful temperament. She herself was in high spirits, being—as she took an early opportunity of announcing—overjoyed to be back in London and among her friends once more.

"After all, there is no place like it," she said. "One grumbles at London sometimes, and one is glad enough to get away when the end of July comes; but one never really enjoys life, except by fits and starts, anywhere else. Mr. Vidal agrees with me; don't you, Mr. Vidal? When I saw him last, he was talking of settling down in the deepest depths of the country; but he has changed his mind, as I told him he would, and now I hope he won't think of going into exile again."

"London couldn't get on without Mr. Vidal," remarked one of Adrian's neighbors, politely. "What would become of the *Anglo-Saxon* if it lost its best man?"

They had all seen the *Anglo-Saxon*, and had a great many questions to ask about it, although they evidently were not people whose tastes inclined them toward much reading. If their amiable intention was to give pleasure to the young writer, they were doubtless rewarded by perceiving their success. Lady St. Austell herself addressed the greater part of her remarks to him, treating him with easy familiarity, like an old friend. When dinner was over, she took him away into a corner, and said, "Now tell me what you have been doing since that day when I went out fishing with you and lost my line. Oh, but I know, though; you have been getting married, and honey-mooning, and all that. How glad you must be that it is over!"

"I don't know that I am," answered Adrian. "Were *you* glad when your honey-moon was over?"

"Glad was not the word! I jumped for joy; and so did Lord St. Austell. At least he would have jumped if he hadn't had the gout so badly. I don't mean to say that it might not have been different if one had been in other company, though," she added, pensively.

"In Johnny Spencer's, for instance?" suggested Adrian, who had found out that he could say what he liked to this lady.

She looked up interrogatively. "Johnny Spencer? Did I tell you anything about him?"

"Yes; down at Polruth—don't you remember? You told me a great deal about him. Everything, in fact."

"Oh, did I? Well, I am sorry to say that poor Johnny has become very stupid and dull. He turned up at Melton in the winter with his hideous wife, and I was quite shocked at the change in him. Marriage is the ruin of one's friends: they might as well die at once, for any comfort that one gets out of their company afterward."

"And have you filled up his place?" asked Adrian, risking a second impertinence.

Lady St. Austell sighed. "Not yet," she answered, quite seriously. "I still consider myself as being in a sort of way in mourning for him; though perhaps he doesn't deserve it." She added, after a moment, "Were you thinking of applying for the vacancy?"

Adrian was really not quite sure whether she was laughing at him or not; but he said, "Oh, I am one of those who are as good as dead, you know. Besides, I doubt whether I should give satisfaction."

"I am almost afraid you wouldn't," Lady St. Austell agreed. "In one sense, you know too much, and in another, perhaps you don't know quite enough. However, there is no reason in the world why we should not be friends."

"None—if you honor me so far as to wish for my friendship."

"Oh, the honor is all the other way. I have often wished so much to be upon terms of intimacy with an author; but somehow authors are generally rather impossible sort of people, and I have never got beyond distant civilities with any one of them. You are different. You belong to one's own class; or, at any rate, you behave as if you did."

"Thank you very much," said Adrian, who began to see that Lady St. Austell was quite as capable of uttering impertinences as of listening to them.

She laughed. "Well, you understand what I mean. A man who knows nobody and goes nowhere may be a brilliant genius, but it isn't very easy to talk to him. Now, with you, I shall always be able to fall back upon gossip when I am tired of discussing novels. And that reminds me to say how much I enjoyed your last book. Your heroine was charming. Of course she was Mrs. Vidal?"

"So people tell me," remarked Adrian. "I wasn't aware of it until I was told."

"See what it is to be in love. But you must try to fall in love with somebody else before you write another book, or you won't be able to give us the variety that we need. And variety is *the* thing to struggle after, both in novels and in real life. Don't you think so?"

When he reached home, Adrian did not give a verbatim report of this and other speeches which Lady St. Austell made to him in the course of the evening. He thought that they might be open to misconstruction; and Clare, who usually put him through a friendly cross-examination on his return at night, had not many questions to ask this time.

To Clare it was a matter of surprise as well as regret that her husband should like a woman whom she found so objectionable; and that he did like Lady St. Austell was plainly to be seen from the reserve with which he spoke of her. She attributed this phenomenon in part to the workings of the artistic nature, which, she presumed, must necessarily be attracted by a good subject, whether that subject be in itself a pleasing one or the reverse.

Not long after this a visitor remarked to her, casually: "I saw Mr. Vidal in the Park yesterday afternoon. He was driving in a victoria with a lady, who, I was told, was Lady St. Austell, the wife of that dreadfully wicked old man. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly a friend," Clare answered. "We know her because my parents live near Lord St. Austell's place in Cornwall."

She managed to preserve an appearance of composure, and to give such information as she could to her visitor, who was very anxious to know whether Lord St. Austell was really as scandalous a person and as cruel a husband as he was said to be; but inwardly she felt as if an icy hand had been laid upon her heart. Was Adrian beginning to have concealments from her, then? Why had he not told her that he had been driving with Lady St. Austell?

When he came in she put the question to him tranquilly, but so abruptly that he colored and looked guilty. If he had replied, "Because you were so silly as to be jealous of her once," no harm would have been done; but he judged it more prudent to say, carelessly, "Oh, I don't know; I didn't think it would interest you." Whereupon Clare left the room without making any rejoinder.

For the rest of the day she looked pale and miserable, and scarcely spoke; while Adrian, who naturally felt himself aggrieved, did not choose to pave the way for a reconciliation. To sulk was not, however, in his nature. Late that evening, while he was sitting in his study, trying to work and finding work impossible, he said to himself that, at any rate, the beginning of an estrangement should not come from him. Clare was utterly unreasonable; but, when all was said, her unreasonableness arose from love. To understand is to forgive, and he understood his wife better than she understood him. He threw down his pen, stole upstairs to her bedroom, where he found her disconsolately adding up accounts, and said he had come to make friends.

"You little goose! why do you create troubles for yourself out of nothing at all? I went to leave a card in Grosvenor Square, and at the door I met Lady St. Austell, who said she was just starting for the Park, and would give me a lift as far as Kensington Gardens if I was on my way home. So I said 'All right,' and off we went. That was the beginning and end of the whole business. Now don't you *think* you are rather a goose?"

He fully expected that Clare would make the desired admission, and that the customary *redintegratio amoris* would ensue. He was therefore a good deal taken aback when she said: "Adrian, will you do me a great favor? I will never ask such a thing of you again—only this once. Will you, for my sake, give up Lady St. Austell altogether?"

"No," answered Adrian, quite good-humoredly, but firmly; "I will do nothing of the sort. Lady St. Austell has been kind to me, and to you too. I shall neither be so rude as to quarrel with her, nor so foolish as to quarrel with you on her account. If you could see her with my eyes, you would be the first to laugh at yourself for having been afraid of her; but I am not going to say another word about the woman — what is the use? Now go to bed, like a good girl, and let me get back to my work, or I shall be late with my copy again, and the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* will tear me limb from limb."

This off-hand way of dismissing the matter was so far successful that Clare smiled and allowed herself to be embraced. Nevertheless, after her husband had gone, she resolved that she would keep her word and never ask a favor of him again. It is difficult to be patient with those who meet trouble half-way, and it is easy to see the absurdity of instinctive antipathies. Yet a woman's instinct does not often lead her astray, and we who are wise, and guided solely by principles of common-sense in all our dealings, may perhaps afford to spare a little sympathy for foolish people like Clare Vidal, remembering that the trials which they bring upon themselves are not the less real because of their folly.

Not many days after Clare had been so deservedly worsted in her effort to set instinct above reason, a trial came upon her which to one of her mental tendencies was especially hard to bear. Had Adrian been at home when the second post came in, he would probably have seen from her face that something was the matter; his inquiries would have elicited the truth, and a sufficiently clumsy attempt to sow discord between husband and wife would have been defeated. But, as ill luck would have it, he had left the house, and it was in solitude that Clare opened and read the following precious missive:

"Do you know how your husband amuses himself when your back is turned? Ask him how many times he has been in *Grosvenor Square* this week, and if he answers you truly he must have changed from what he used to be. You are not the first woman whom he has deceived, and you will not be the last. One who knows him well advises you to keep him at home if you can."

Clare treated this anonymous letter as it is to be feared that very many of us treat such stabs in the dark. First, she examined it closely, and found that neither handwriting nor postmark afforded any clew to the identity of the writer. Then she indignantly tore it into fragments and threw it away from her, determining to think no more about it. And then she sat down and thought about it. Clare knew, as everybody knows, that anonymous letters can only be prompted by malice, and that the fact of their being anonymous is strong presumptive evidence that the matter which they contain is false. So far, so good; but she could not help going a little farther, and arguing that malice must have some cause or other for its existence. "You are not the first woman whom he has deceived." His own mother had said something very like this about him, and in that charge lay the poison of the letter. It had come, no doubt, from some woman who had been deceived, or considered herself to have been deceived, by Adrian in days gone by, and who was thus taking the first opportunity that offered to avenge herself upon him. Who was this woman? The insinuation that Adrian was visiting Lady St. Austell more frequently than he confessed might or might not be founded upon fact. In any case, Clare felt that she was bound to assume it to be untrue. The least that she could do (so she rather foolishly thought) was to say nothing to her husband about this backbiting communication, and to behave as though it had never reached her. She despised herself for giving it a second thought; but self-contempt does not always lead to change of conduct, and so, while she condemned her suspicions, she brooded over them until she fretted herself into a fever.

Miss Susan Bowman possessed a fine supply of hatred and malice, and in the vengeance which she had sworn to wreak upon Vidal she was quite ready and willing to include Vidal's wife; yet—since, with all her little defects, she was a woman—it is probable that she would not have dispatched the document quoted above had she been able to foresee all the consequences of that action. Adrian came home to find his small household in a state of the greatest confusion and alarm, and the doctor, who had been summoned hastily, pulled a rather long face when he came out of Mrs. Vidal's room.

"I think you had better go down-stairs for the present," he said to Adrian. "I will join you as soon as I am able to leave my patient; but that may not be for some hours. Perhaps you would like to telegraph for Mrs. Irvine."

"Is it so bad as that?" gasped Vidal, turning white.

The doctor assumed that look of annoyed surprise which doctors generally do assume when such questions are addressed to them, and said, "I understood that Mrs. Vidal wished her mother to be with her, that was all. Of course this is happening a great deal sooner than it ought to have done, which gives us some additional cause for anxiety; but I did not intend to imply anything more."

Thereupon he withdrew hastily; and Adrian, having dispatched his telegram, betook himself to his study, where he sat, waiting and trembling, for an interminable hour. At last he heard a heavy footfall on the stairs, and presently the doctor entered, with a grave and sympathetic mien.

"I am sorry," he began, "that I am not the bearer of good news."

Adrian started up, and caught the man by the elbows. "Well?—what?" he asked, fiercely.

"I regret to say that the child was born dead. Under the circumstances, that was only what might have been anticipated; still—"

"Hang the child!" burst out Adrian. "What about my wife? Will she live?"

The doctor disengaged himself, looking slightly shocked. "Oh, I hope so—I quite hope so," he replied. "I have no reason to think otherwise. But it is a great pity that matters should have fallen out like this. Can you account for it in any way? Has Mrs. Vidal had any shock?—any mental disturbance?"

"None whatever, that I am aware of," answered Adrian.

The doctor said no more, but appeared to be incredulous. Adrian saw that he thought there had been a quarrel between the young couple; but he did not care what the doctor thought, nor did it occur to him to make any inquiry as to the presumed shock which had deprived him of the joys of paternity. All that he thought of then and for the next three days was his wife's chance of recovery; and when she was pronounced to be out of danger, he could hardly contain himself for joy.

Clare, who was too weak to speak much, lay and watched his happy face with a smile of contentment upon her own. "He must love me, to be so glad," she thought; and so long as he loved her, she asked for nothing more. She could have wished that he had been able to enter a little more into her feeling of disappointment about the baby; but it was hardly to be expected that a man should understand that. In reality, Adrian did, to some extent, understand what her feelings must be, but thought it better not to touch upon that subject. Personally, he shared the views of Mrs. Irvine, who concealed her own disappointment beneath a mask of cheerful volubility, and who confided to him that, much as she would have liked to be a grandmother, she could not but feel that this first member of the third generation had been rightly served for entering the world with such undue precipitancy.

"So inconsiderate of him!" she said. "I dare say, if he had lived, he would have brought an immensity of trouble upon us all with his impetuous ways of going on. Even as it is, he has given me a dreadful fright, besides upsetting all my arrangements. I had promised myself a month in London toward the end of the season; and I thought that by the time Clare was strong again you would be ready for your summer holiday, and I could take you both back to Cardrew with me. But now I must return as soon as possible on account of a hundred things that have to be attended to at home; and as for nursing poor Clare and doing all that I want to do in London, it isn't to be thought of. So I have written to Mr. Irvine to come up. No, I won't have him in this house; he would only be in your way. He will stay in a little hotel in Albemarle Street, where they know him and will look after him; and then he must go about and do my commissions for me. A nice mess he will make of them, I am afraid, but we must hope for the best."

In obedience to this summons, Mr. Irvine duly arrived in Albemarle Street, whence it was agreed

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

that he was to journey out to Alexandra Gardens every morning to be informed of his daughter's progress toward recovery, and to receive his wife's orders for the day. As, however, he persisted in walking the whole distance, and as on three consecutive occasions he lost his way, and only appeared in tow of a friendly policeman at three o'clock in the afternoon, by which time he was far too exhausted to be sent anywhere, it was considered that time would be saved by sending him his daily instructions through the post for the future. In spite of the element of risk involved in such an arrangement (for the old gentleman never remembered to post a letter himself, and when two or three days elapsed without news of him it was impossible not to fear that he might have been decoyed into a back slum and murdered), Mrs. Irvine adhered to it loyally, and only left her daughter's bedside when Clare insisted upon her giving herself a little fresh air.

Adrian, too, remained at home during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, neither dining out nor paying visits, and making the office of the *Anglo-Saxon* the sole object of his afternoon walk. However, when Clare was in a fair way toward convalescence, he bethought him that it would be only civil to call upon Lady St. Austell, who had sent repeatedly to inquire during Mrs. Vidal's illness, and from whom he had received various sympathetic little notes, to which he had replied, without thinking it necessary to mention them to the invalid. Turning into Grosvenor Square, one afternoon, to discharge this act of duty, he was surprised to see his father-in-law standing on the steps of the house for which he himself was bound. Mr. Irvine was apparently lost in thought, but recognized the new-comer with a gesture of delight.

"Dear me! is that you, Adrian? Now perhaps you will be able to help me out. I have, unfortunately, quite forgotten, for the moment—"

"Where you are and what you came here for," suggested Adrian, laughing. "Well, I think I can tell you. You came here to call on Lady St. Austell, and you are now at her door."

"Yes, yes; I know that—I am quite aware of that; and I can also recall the specific errand upon which I was sent by Mrs. Irvine. She has lately supplied Lady St. Austell with a maid—a most respectable person, who has seen better days, but is now in reduced circumstances—and I was to inquire how she was getting on. But my difficulty is this. If Lady St. Austell was not at home, I was to be sure to ask for the young woman herself, and unluckily her name has altogether escaped me. It couldn't be Arrowroot, could it?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Adrian.

"No; and yet that can't be far from it, because all the way down Bond Street I was trying to fix it in my mind by repeating to myself 'A was an Archer, who shot at a frog.' Now the name was *not* Archer."

"I don't see how that would help you toward Arrowroot, except that both words begin with an A," remarked Adrian. "Would the frog be of any assistance, do you think?"

Mr. Irvine shook his head despondently. "I doubt it. I can call to mind no English surname that is connected in any way with the idea of a frog, unless it be Tadpole, and I should be sorry to assert positively that such a name as Tadpole exists. Added to which, Tadpole is certainly not the name of the young person."

"That being so, suppose we ring and ask for the new maid?"

"To be sure!" cried Mr. Irvine, gleefully. "We will do so without loss of time. What a fortunate thing that you should have arrived at this moment! You are always so fertile in expedients."

Adrian accordingly rang the bell, and during the interval that elapsed before the door was opened he had leisure to reflect that, from his point of view, it was perhaps not such a very fortunate thing that he had encountered his father-in-law at that particular time and place. He had not said, before leaving home, that he intended calling upon Lady St. Austell, and would have been just as well pleased that the circumstance should not be reported. His musings were interrupted by a sudden exclamation from Mr. Irvine.

"Bowman!" called out the old gentleman, triumphantly. "Susan Bowman, of course! I knew it had something to do with archery. Now, do you see the beauty of this system of *memoria technica?* It not only enables you to recall the particular word that you wish to retain, but it exercises the deductive and inductive faculties—"

But the remainder of Mr. Irvine's speech died away upon his lips when he discovered that his hearer had vanished, as if by enchantment.

Adrian was, indeed, at this moment posting along Upper Brook Street, uttering muffled execrations at every step. Susan Bowman in Lady St. Austell's service! Here was a pretty piece of business! "No more visits to Grosvenor Square for *me!*" thought he to himself. "That dear old mother-in-law of mine is the best of women; but she is not happy in her choice of objects for benevolence. I suppose the next thing will be that she will hear the whole of Susan's sad story, with additions and embellishments. Heaven grant that the woman may not have found out Clare's maiden name! It is this sort of disastrous thing that makes one doubt whether Providence can really take any active part in the government of human affairs."

The wicked flee when no man pursueth. Perhaps so; but there have been circumstances under which the righteous have been known to adopt the same inglorious system of strategy. It can not be said that Adrian had behaved wickedly toward Susan Bowman; yet so terrified was he at the prospect of a second encounter with her that he was half-way across Hyde Park before he realized that he had done a rather stupid thing in decamping without assigning any cause for his retreat. It would have been so simple to have been taken ill or to have remembered an appointment. However, there was no use in thinking about that now, and he could but trust that Mr. Irvine's treacherous memory might fail to retain the circumstances of their meeting and parting. What was more important was that a woman who ardently desired to do him an ill turn was residing in the house which, of all houses in London, seemed the most likely to furnish her with means to effect her purpose; and as he thought of the complications that might arise out of this most unlucky accident, Adrian almost made up his mind that he would not only steer clear of Lady St. Austell for the future, but would frankly tell his wife the whole history of that boyish adventure which had so nearly prevented her from ever becoming his wife at all.

That he did not, in the sequel, carry out this sensible determination was due to a succession of those second thoughts which are not always the best. He had a good many reasons for holding his tongue. No man likes to confess (except in general terms) that he has been an egregious ass; very few men care to run the risk of a scene which may be avoided; and if it only cost an occasional ten-pound note to keep Susan quiet, occasional ten-pound notes might very well be forthcoming in these palmy days of literary success. Moreover, when he had regained full possession of his senses, Adrian reflected that the chance of a visitor to a large establishment being seen by the lady's-maid was not to be reckoned upon the average at a much higher rate than one in fifty, and that, as he had escaped recognition hitherto, it was most probable that he would continue to do so. To all this it may be added that he did not want to break with Lady St. Austell.

Had he been a little better acquainted with the habits both of Lady St. Austell and Susan, he might have spared himself the trouble of debating whether or not it behooved him to be cautious about calling in Grosvenor Square. The former of these women was at all times possessed by so irresistible a craving to talk about herself that it would have been impossible for any one to brush her hair every evening without hearing all that she knew as to the person who had the privilege of exciting her interest for the time being; the latter had an insatiable thirst for information, having long since discovered ways in which miscellaneous information may be turned to account. Susan, therefore, was perfectly aware not only that Adrian was the son-in-law of the lady who had provided her with her situation, but also that Mrs. Vidal was rather prone to be jealous of her husband, and that Lady St. Austell was by no means disinclined to give her good cause for being so.

This was most satisfactory, and Susan began to see her way to paying off old scores in that time-honored fashion which ought always to fail, yet so seldom does fail. That Mrs. Vidal might very possibly show the anonymous letter which she had received to her husband was a contingency in no wise to be dreaded. The writer did not care in the least whether she was identified by Adrian or not; for, since her interview with him, she had felt assured that he lacked the requisite courage to speak the truth about his past. He would, therefore (so she calculated), meet this charge with a blank denial—which denial would be only half believed in. He would not cease to visit Lady St. Austell; but henceforth he would do so more or less on the sly; and sooner or later he was quite sure, if not to compromise himself, at least to place himself in a compromising situation. Thus there was good ground for hope that ere long he might be made acquainted with the sweet uses of adversity. In the mean time it was not desirable that he should be put upon his guard by knowledge of his enemy's whereabouts, and that knowledge Susan accordingly determined to withhold from him. Should he by any chance acquire it, she would still have the whip-hand of him; for she had preserved certain affectionate letters of his, written in by-gone days, and she was not without hope that as time went on she might do still better, and possess herself of similar missives addressed to Lady St. Austell. It will be perceived that Miss Bowman was neither over-strict as to her own moral code nor disposed to form too lofty a notion of that of her neighbors.

"She is," said Mrs. Irvine, speaking of her to Adrian at this time, "one of the most interesting and unfortunate creatures I have ever met. I would have tried to place her as a governess, but she said she really would prefer being a maid, and one can't wonder that she should, poor thing! Nowadays, so much is expected of governesses that she could not hope to be intrusted with the care of any but quite small children, and as she very truly said, it is better to be a lady's-maid than a nurse. I don't think there are any people in the world whom I pity so much as those who are thrown upon their own resources after having been brought up as ladies and yet insufficiently educated."

"I suppose you satisfied yourself that she *had* been brought up as a lady," said Adrian, to whom all this was very unpleasant hearing.

"Well, she said so," answered Mrs. Irvine, as if that were quite conclusive; and added, after a moment, "Sometimes I feel almost inclined to give up belonging to charitable organizations altogether; they seem to make people so hard and suspicious. This poor woman came to the office of our Society for the Aid of Decayed Gentlewomen, and they would have nothing to say to her because she couldn't produce any relations to answer for her. Now, how is one to produce people who are dead and buried? One can't dig them up out of their graves; and she did offer to show us their tombstones, which Lady McCleverty said was so impertinent of her, though I really could not see myself why it was impertinent. She told me her whole story, which was really a very sad and touching one. The lady with whom she lived first, after her parents died, turned her out-of-doors and refused to help her to another place because she had been unfortunate enough to attract the attention of this lady's son—a dissolute and unprincipled young man. Then, I think, she said she had been a dress-maker, and—well, I don't remember all her adventures; but she managed at last to get a situation as nursery-governess, and only left it because she could not endure the vulgarity of the people."

Adrian groaned. "And upon the strength of that unsupported testimony you recommended her to Lady St. Austell?"

"It wasn't unsupported. I had a character of her from the people with whom she had been last. Not a very good character, I must admit; but it was easy to see that the woman who wrote it was prejudiced against her. At any rate, Lady St. Austell is quite satisfied."

Adrian did not care to pursue the subject. It was a relief to him to find that he had not yet been betrayed, and it was also something of a relief to him when Mrs. Irvine left for Cornwall. "If there is to be a disturbance," thought he, "the fewer there are of us to take part in it the better."

But before very long all dread of a disturbance left him. Susan made no sign, and Clare, though a little depressed—as was but natural, after all that she had gone through—was almost herself again, and seemed to have forgotten the unreasoning repugnance that she had felt for Lady St. Austell. In reality, Clare had forgotten nothing; but Adrian's care of her during her illness had made her so heartily ashamed of having doubted him that she was eager to show her penitence by urging him to go out into the world again—which thing, to tell the truth, he was ready to do without any great pressure. She herself did not yet feel equal to the fatigue of being entertained again; so she remained at home, counting the days till August, in the beginning of which month Adrian was to take her down to Cardrew, and sometimes wishing that she had a friend with her to keep her company and aid the flight of time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDWIN BOOTH.

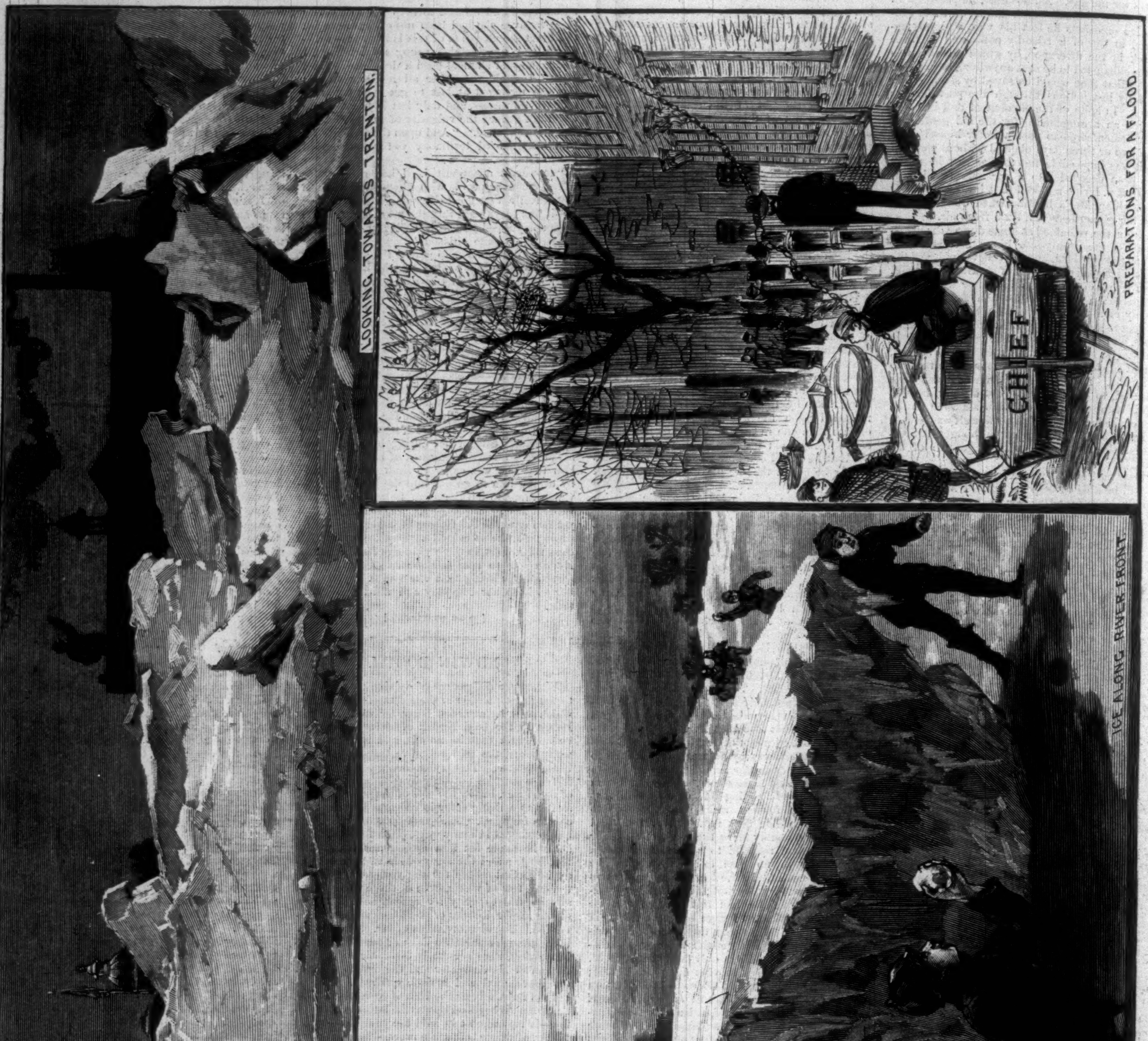
Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the exact position in the ranks of great actors which will be awarded hereafter to Mr. Edwin Booth by the final verdict of history, there can be no doubt that he now is, and has been for many years, the representative tragedian of the United States. This pre-eminence has been conferred upon him not only by general agreement of the critics, but by the vote of the public, which, so far as a living actor is concerned, is the final court of appeal. The conditions of the stage have changed in many ways, often for the worse, since he made his first appearance before the foot-lights; and the story of his career contains an important lesson for the younger players of the day, few of whom, even of those who possess any natural capacity for acting, have any idea of the responsibilities or possibilities of their profession. The circumstances of Mr. Booth's early life, although sometimes most distressful and disheartening, were peculiarly favorable to the formation of his character and the development of his intellectual and artistic qualities. He was born in Baltimore on the 15th of November, 1833, and from his boyhood up was the intimate companion—it may almost be said the guardian—of his father, of whose brilliant powers, strong passions, and wayward habits it is not needful now to speak. The experience of those days doubtless gave him a gravity and a self-reliance beyond his years, and encouraged him to seize an opportunity of acting in public before he was sixteen years old. This event occurred in the Boston Museum in September, 1849, when he played the small part of Tyrrel to his father's Richard III. He did not fail, and soon afterward played other more important parts, such as Cassio in *Othello*, and Wilford in *The Iron Chest*. A year later he acted Wilford before a New York audience in the old National Theatre in Chatham Street; and in 1851, in the same house, essayed Richard III., and actually won commendation from an audience assembled to greet his distinguished father.

Being thus fairly embarked in his profession, he started for California in 1852, and it was during the next four years that he laid the foundation of that ample experience in every variety of stage business and expedient which made his execution in late years so remarkable for precision, smoothness, significance, and elaboration. The characters which he enacted at this time covered the entire range of the drama. One of them was that of Dandy Cox, in a negro farce, which was followed at no great interval by Shylock, Macbeth, and Hamlet. The death of his father was the cause of great grief and torturing anxiety, but brought no respite from hard work. The future favorite of a vast continent was often reduced to terrible straits, which seem ludicrous enough now. He was sometimes compelled to make long and perilous journeys on foot, he suffered hunger, and was at one time (in the Sandwich Islands, whither he made a flying trip) obliged to stick up his own "posters" by day preparatory to impersonating mighty kings and heroes at night. Hard work, doubtless, but the familiarity with every branch of his art which he then acquired proved of inestimable value to him at no distant period. Many so-called actors would be mightily benefited by a prolonged course of the same treatment. In 1857 he was once more in civilization, and appeared with great success in Boston as Sir Giles Overreach. He was on the high-road to fame then, for from Boston he came to New York, to Burton's Theatre, and acted in a round of great characters, such as Richard, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, Lear, Hamlet, Brutus (in Payne's tragedy), and others, exhibiting an amount of fire and passion which won him the highest consideration. His next venture was in England, at the Haymarket Theatre in London, where he played several characters, and made a hit as Richelieu; but the trip was not, from various causes, in all respects satisfactory, and he returned to New York to begin in 1862 the brilliant series of engagements in the Winter Garden Theatre which established his reputation permanently.

Space will not permit more than the briefest allusion to the sad trials which have imbittered his triumphs. The death of his first wife, the beautiful Mary Devlin, was a terrible blow, from which he had scarcely rallied when the crime of his unhappy brother Wilkes plunged him again and the whole nation into mourning. Next in order came his financial failure at his famous theatre, now a thing of the past, an accident which threatened to deprive him of the use of his right arm, and a long series of domestic anxieties, culminating in the death of his second wife, which overshadowed his second and very successful professional visit to England. For all these tribulations he may find some consolation in reflecting upon the triumphs won in the mother country, in Germany, and more recently in his native land, all of which are fresh in the public memory.

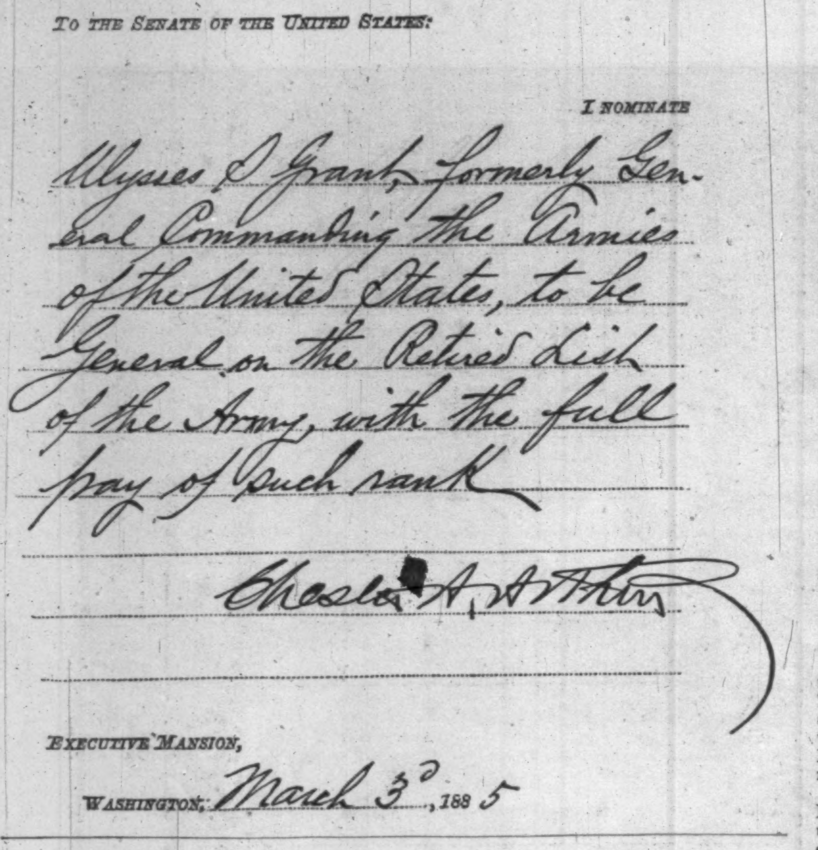
In a brief sketch of this kind it is impossible to do more than summarize the merits and deficiencies of Mr. Booth as an actor. His most fervent admirers claim for him genius of the highest kind, while his detractors, who are few and insignificant, pretend that he is wholly devoid of inspiration—a manifestly absurd and malicious conclusion. The ill-judged enthusiasm of friends, however, is more dangerous to the reputation of an actor than the unjust assaults of enemies, inasmuch as it is likely to create expectations which can not be realized, and thus provoke disappointment. The word "genius" is abused so recklessly by careless writers, and applied so indiscriminately, that it is often difficult to understand just what it is meant to express. If in the case of an actor it is intended to signify a fine and cultivated intelligence, a keen perception of the dramatic possibilities of a character, a complete mastery of all theatrical device, a correct taste, rare declamatory powers, a thorough knowledge of the principles of elocution, of the significance of gesture, and of facial expression, or if it is held to include such physical qualifications as an attractive form, a handsome, mobile face, and a melodious voice, Mr. Booth has all these qualifications in an eminent degree. If, on the other hand, the word is employed in its strictest sense, to express that rarest and Heaven-sent gift which has made a few blest mortals the beacon-lights of the centuries, Mr. Booth does not possess it. It can not, for instance, be said of him that to see him in certain parts is to "read Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." Nor is this anything to his discredit. The stage does not owe its greatest debt to its undisputed geniuses. Edmund Kean was a meteor, but he did nothing to advance the art of which he was a master; and the elder Booth, if a greater, is certainly a less admirable figure than his son. An actor who simply astounds by his brilliancy in certain passages of a play ought not to be compared artistically with the actor who, by sheer force of labor, intelligence, and self-culture, maintains a high level of excellence throughout his performance. The distinguishing merit of Edwin Booth is the completeness of his artistic equipment, and the intellectual brightness which irradiates all his performances. His Iago is perhaps his masterpiece. It is brain-work from beginning to end, a marvel of cold diabolism, finished to the finger-nails, showing the fullest appreciation of the great master's purpose. His Richelieu, again, is extraordinary in its finesse and elaboration, its saturnine humor and its melodramatic cleverness. There is not quite the true note of passion in the famous defiance, but the gradual approach to the climax is effected with the rarest skill. In Bertuccio the elaboration and the intellectual keenness are equally noticeable, and in the scene before the doors of the banquet-hall the actor reaches a pitch of emotion which approaches inspiration very nearly. These are the three greatest performances of Mr. Booth, and each of them would place him in the front rank. His Hamlet is perfect in execution, and is perhaps the most famous of his impersonations, but the mechanism is too plain, and the performance excites admiration by its finish rather than its truth. In the mad scenes of Lear the intellectual and artistic resources of Mr. Booth are displayed by numberless illustrative artifices, and there is true pathos of a very rare kind in the recognition of Cordelia. In Macbeth and Othello he is only partly successful. There are tragic heights in them to which he can not soar. His Richard is a very fine performance in all but the last act, when he becomes melodramatic rather than tragic. It is, however, incomparably the best to be seen on our stage.

This summary, which only refers to a small part of his repertory, is necessarily imperfect, but indicates the range and limitations of his abilities. His pinions are not quite strong enough for the loftiest flights, but he is nearer the sun than any of his English-speaking contemporaries. He is an artist from the top to the toe, and he is entitled to high honor both as actor and man. It is to be hoped that there is no foundation for the rumor of his approaching retirement, for the stage can not now spare him. He is in the full ripeness of his powers, and could he be seen at the head of a really good company in this city for two or three seasons only, he would add to the lustre of his own reputation, add a needed dignity to his profession, and confer an inestimable boon upon the public.



THE ICE GORGES IN THE DELAWARE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 187.]

CAMP-FIRE STORIES.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.


TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:

I NOMINATE

Ulysses S Grant, formerly General Commanding the Armies of the United States, to be General on the Retired List of the Army, with the full pay of such rank

Chester A. Arthur

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, March 3d, 1885

Recorded Vol. 23, Page 60. Adjutant General's Office March 6, 1885. [signature] Adjutant General.

THE PRESIDENT of the United States of AMERICA,

E PLURIBUS UNUM

To all who shall see these presents greeting:

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of Ulysses S. Grant I have nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate do appoint him General on the Retired List in the service of the United States: to rank as such from the third day of March eighteen hundred and eighty-five. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of General by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command, to be obedient to his orders as General. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General, or other superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

GIVEN under my hand, at the City of Washington, this sixth day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five and in the 109th year of the Independence of the United States

By the President.

Grover Cleveland

Wm. C. Endicott
Secretary of War.

FAC-SIMILES OF THE NOMINATION AND COMMISSION (TWO-THIRDS THE ACTUAL SIZE).

THE NATION'S GRATITUDE TO GENERAL GRANT.

NOTHING could have been more fit and felicitous than the manner in which the gratitude of the nation to General GRANT finally found expression. A Republican Senate and a Democratic House concurred, on the last day of a Republican administration, in the bill which conferred upon him an unexampled honor. The story can not be better told than in the record of the Senate proceedings. A message from the House, announcing the concurrence of that body in the Senate bill authorizing the President to nominate one person as General on the retired list of the army, was received with hearty applause, and thereupon Senator INGALLS said:

"Mr. President, the nation knows who that one person is. I ask unanimous consent that the reference of the bill to the committee be waived, and that it be now considered by the Senate."

The presiding officer (Senator GARLAND) stated that the bill was the Senate bill, and nothing further was necessary to make it a law except the proper signatures. (Applause.)

Senator EDMUNDS, resuming the chair, stated that he had received a communication which would now be read, as follows:

"*To Hon. George F. Edmunds, President pro tempore of the Senate:*

"The accompanying communication, although an executive message, may be read in open session.

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

(Applause.)

The clerk then read the message from President ARTHUR, herewith reproduced in fac-simile.

The President *pro tem.* announced that the nomination would be considered in open session. The question is, Will the Senate advise and consent to this appointment? All Senators in favor will say Aye. (A storm of ayes.) All opposed, No. (Dead silence.) "The ayes have it unanimously."

The nomination was the last message sent by President ARTHUR to the Senate, and its signature one of the last uses of his name as President. The date of March 3 is the legislative date, although the message was in fact written and delivered not long before noon on March 4. President CLEVELAND'S signature to General GRANT'S commission was his first official signature as President, except to the message nominating the members of his cabinet.

President ARTHUR'S message was photographed by C. M. BELL, of Washington.

THE NEW PENSION COMMISSIONER.

GENERAL JOHN CHARLES BLACK, the first Democratic Commissioner of Pensions, is of Scotch-Irish descent, his Covenanter ancestors having taken refuge in the north of Ireland from the Scottish persecutions, and thence later having emigrated to South Carolina in pre-Revolutionary days. He served in the war from the beginning to the end, winning his Colonelship of the Thirty-seventh Illinois Volunteers "for gallant and meritorious conduct," after being wounded severely in the right arm at the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas.

Since the close of the war General BLACK has lived in a Republican State and district, and has consequently never received office, though he has twice run for Congress, once for Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and in 1878 received the vote of his party in the Legislature for the United States Senate. In every campaign his personal popularity has been such that he has run far ahead of his ticket. He is a man of stainless reputation, great energy, fixedness of purpose, and a generous disposition, a political orator, and an advocate of high quality in his profession—the law. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, where his delegation carried its thirty-eight votes to Mr. CLEVELAND at the critical juncture. A little later, when himself named by the Georgia delegation for the Vice-Presidency, it was probable that he would have been designated for that position had he not believed it to be his duty to be loyal to Mr. McDONALD.

THE JUAREZ MONUMENT.

ON the 5th of February last the people of the city of Mexico celebrated what is called "The Day of the Constitution" and "Juarez Day." The tomb of the patriot President was decorated with flowers. The picture on page 180 is from a photograph of the graceful and poetical statue which surmounts the tomb of JUAREZ.

The celebration of the day was of the most enthusiastic character. At the hour of ten in the morning the Alameda was alive with people and gay with the trappings of the soldiers. Silken banners embroidered with gold and silver flashed among the trees. Just outside the grove stood a car containing a figure of the Goddess of Liberty, a picture of JUAREZ, and a silver crown, which the students of the university were to lay upon his tomb. The crown was supported upon wreaths of laurel, and a pair of swords were crossed beneath. Six of the finest and blackest chargers were attached to the car. The reins were of purple silk, and cords of purple silk depended from the silver bits of the magnificent animals, and were held in the hands of richly liveried footmen.

The students were in the Alameda by hundreds. The *vivas* were continuous. As the procession moved through the streets of the city it was the students, perhaps, who were the most enthusiastically greeted.

One of the features of the procession was a train of mules laden with artillery equipment, and suggestive of Mexican mountain warfare.

As the procession entered the plaza the bells of the cathedral began to clang. This was a signal, and in a minute every bell in the city was contributing its part to a deafening chorus. The enthusiasm of the people rose to fever heat, and culminated before the *Panteon*, which contains the tomb of JUAREZ.

At the tomb there were addresses. One of them was made by a granddaughter of JUAREZ, GAUDALUPE SANCHEZ, a black-eyed child. She spoke on behalf of the women of the republic. Six daughters of JUAREZ were present.

The last of the greater acts of the Mexicans under the administration of JUAREZ was their successful resistance of the attempt of France to maintain an empire in Mexico under MAXIMILIAN. MAXIMILIAN was captured, and shot on June 19, 1867. JUAREZ died in 1872, aged sixty-six.

FRANCE'S CHINESE WAR.

A WIT defined England's costly and useless border wars with petty tribes in India as "sending for an elephant to pick up a pin," and the sarcasm is equally applicable to France's Chinese crusade. All the regiments and iron-clads in existence can never make Saigon the successful rival of Singapore, or give to the Frenchman the colonizing powers of the German, the Yankee, or the Englishman. No one can look in the bold brown face of brave Count DE KERGARADEC (with whose Tonquin mission the Franco-Chinese war virtually began) without regretting that he and others like him should have been doomed to wage fruitless war in a region which is one great swamp in the wet season and one great oven in the dry one, or to bombard mud hovels and sink fishing-boats in default of better work.

But such a war is not made up of cheap triumphs like these. The lessons of the Russian artillery officers on the Peiho in 1859, and of GORDON in 1863–4, have not been wasted. The Chinese are learning to fight, and (as may be seen by the incident of the Foo-Choo bombardment that forms our sketch) can now "puttee pill in gun" to some purpose. Nature herself, too, fights against the invader, and China may well echo the boast of the fierce King RADAMA of Madagascar, that no foreign soldier could match his two commanders, General Hazo (jungle) and General Tazo (fever). No traveller who has seen Tonquin and Cochin China can think without a shudder of European troops marching and European gun-boats voyaging among those rank, foul morasses and gloomy bayous and black, slimy, reed-grown creeks, out of which, as the last gleam of sunset fades over the tree-tops,

one may see the white fever-mist begin to curl up like steam from a kettle. The iron-clads that have ventured into this dismal cobweb of muddy rivers may batter down the enemy's mud walls and palisades, but no armor-plating is proof against the shafts of pestilence aimed at them in return by an unseen archer from the shadowy thickets around.

The French have indeed won many victories—but at what a cost! One detachment has had to cut its way back through tenfold odds, leaving its leader's corpse to be mangled too horribly for description. Another, while vainly striving to drag off its guns through knee-deep mud, has been pelted with shot by an invisible foe on all sides at once. A third has left half its number before one of those terrible stockades of live bamboos—too moist to be burned, too tough to be shot through, and too supple to be cut down—which nearly cost General WOLSELEY his life when a young officer in Burmah. Nor have the French the consolation of knowing (as in 1812) that their enemies suffer equally with themselves. The history of the Panama Railway proves that the Chinese can defy a malaria which sweeps off other men by hundreds, and in a trial of endurance like that pending the European has no chance against the Asiatic.

AFGHANISTAN.

WHEN Sir PETER LUMSDEN passed my quarters at Baku last September on his way to Afghanistan, the Afghan difficulty was "a mere frontier question, easily settled." It is something more now. Russia's convenient theory that the Turcomans who fled to Afghanistan when she annexed Merv are still her subjects, and carry the Russian frontier with them wherever they go, would give her the whole Badgheis province between the Hari-Rud (river) and the Murghab, bringing her border within sight of Herat itself. England, again, objects to her crossing the Hari-Rud from the west, or the hills beyond Penjdeh from the north. But England is wise too late. With Russia's first stride across the Oxus, Merv, the half-way house to Herat, was virtually annexed already. The first rail laid by Russian soldiers in the Khiva desert in 1879 cast a prophetic shadow up to the very gates of Herat. Along both lines the invader's approach is silent but sure. On the north she has advanced unchecked from Merv up the Murghab Valley to Penjdeh. On the west, the narrow twenty-two-inch gauge of her railway from the Caspian has crept on over sands hardened with mud and swamps hastily filled with sand, across the flats of Mulla-Kari, past the ruined Persian fort at Kizil-Arvat, nearer and nearer to the dark Khorasan mountains, sweeping at last into the grim gorges and bleak uplands around Askabad, the new local capital. Russian posts now bristle along the 220 miles of mountain road from Askabad to Sarakhs, and Russian sentries look down from the rocky height crowned by the ruins of the Sarakhs fort, with its eleven useless guns, tracing the shining course of the Heri-Rud far to the southeast, along which lies the easy march of 170 miles between them and Herat, so easy, indeed, that their outposts now touch the Robaht Pass, forty miles north of the city.

But all this is the inevitable result of the fact that Russia comes among Easterns as an Eastern, while England comes as a Western. In diplomacy as in trade, the semi-Asiatic Russian brings in his one really important stipulation at the very end as a thing of no moment. The forty miles of frontier that Russia modestly accepted from Persia in 1880 comprised the two most important mountain passes of the whole district. The bare and seemingly worthless hills around Mohammedabad, which the Persians evacuated at her bidding a year later, gave her an open road down to the great commercial city of Meshed. The insignificant Turcoman settlements which she is now demanding, while disclaiming all designs upon Herat, would be her direct pass-key into Herat itself, the military key and commercial centre of northwestern Afghanistan. "I have no designs upon your bank," says Russia to England; "all I ask is the key of your safe."

Matched against a foe whose motto is "*Bez obmana torgovli nyett*" (without cheating, no trading), the blunt, headlong, straightforward Englishman must necessarily be worsted. John Bull, when forced to do anything unrighteous (or what is the same thing to *him*, "un-English"), consoles himself by doing it wrong. The Russian, on the other hand, lies and cheats with the steady concentrated enjoyment of a great artist elaborating his masterpiece. A better illustration of the two methods could hardly be found than the Anglo-Russian "agreement" that Mr. GLADSTONE has just announced so exultingly, or the presence in London of M. LESSAR (the Russian engineer who barely three years ago surveyed the whole route of the projected railway from Askabad to Herat) as Russia's delegate on the Afghan question among the English officials who, during the Boer war in South Africa, ordered the commander of an iron-clad to "anchor off Potchefstroom," a town 400 miles inland! In Afghanistan, Russia has bribed the natives while England has shot them, and the perverse heathens prefer Russian gold in their pockets to English lead in their bodies.

Russia's real hold on Central Asia dates from 1843, when General OBRUCHEFF began to establish permanent garrisons there. In the same year England's conquest of Scinde brought her face to face with the Beloochi and the Afghan. By 1865 Russia had crept up the Syr-Daria (Jaxartes) to Tashkend, her present capital. In 1868 she wrested Samarcand from Bokhara, and the fall of Khiva in 1873 completed her conquest of the Oxus Valley, since which time she has been moving steadily across the Turcoman deserts toward Persia and Afghanistan. She has now a single railway to the northwestern corner of the latter country from the Caspian, while England has one to its southwestern corner from the Indus Valley.

DAVID KER.

A DAY WITH THE LEGISLATURE.

IN Albany the statesmen of both Houses have unanimously declared the present one to have been a very dull session, and already a resolution for a very early adjournment has been introduced. The reformers, especially the city reformers, like Mr. WALTER HOWE, sigh as they think of the amount of liveliness the redoubtable THEODORE ROOSEVELT might have imparted to the session had he not abjured politics and become wrapped up in the affairs of a far Western ranch, where, as he tells his friends, the local newspapers describe him as a man of enormous wealth, with the effect of firing the souls of the needy, one of whom, out of hundreds, wrote recently that she doubted not that he was as humane as he was wealthy, and would heed her appeal for a *gros grain* silk dress in which to go East and visit her friends. But despite the paucity of great results during this session, there has been no day on which the casual visitor, seated in either of the palatial chambers in the grand new Capitol, would not have been entertained, if only in seeing the faces of men whose names are, to a greater or lesser degree, household words throughout the State.

The scene in the Assembly is always animated. The curving rows of desks, from behind which half a dozen men seem ever straining on tiptoe to catch a favoring glance from the Speaker; the little pages in knee-breeches plunging at breakneck speed across the open pit in front of the foremost desks; the perfunctory sing-song, all-pervading sound of the handsome clerk, Mr. CHARLES A. CHICKERING, as he reads the titles of bills or the names of members; the intensely eager manner of the member who has the floor—Mr. LUCAS L. VAN ALLEN, of New York, for instance, as was the case when our artist was present—these are sights and sounds never missing, and that never fail to interest the visitor. Mr. VAN ALLEN seems to have stepped from his place in the Assembly into this picture. He is dressed, as he always is, with a shirt bosom that would be overmastering on any one else, but that becomes, upon him, merely a part of an impressive whole.

It is fated that among politicians every conspicuous one shall have a nickname, but Mr. VAN ALLEN fares no worse at the hands of his companions than to be called "the courtly New-Yorker," or "the noble Roman." His position as chairman of the Committee on Judiciary and his ability and dignity alike gain him respect. Half-way across the chamber, and just over Mr. VAN ALLEN's head in the picture, is the striking face of "the Bald Eagle," as General JAMES W. HUSTED, the leader of the Republican majority, is called. He it was who drew from a lady in the gallery the other day the exclamation, "Oh, is that the one they call the Bald-headed Eagle?" The records show that he has served in the Legislature longer than any man in the Assembly, and yet to-day he is the quickest man on his feet and the readiest with his wit in the house. Another noted member is General HENRY A. BARNUM, left for dead on Malvern Hill, and yet to-day, with the wound of a bullet that passed through his body remaining unhealed, able to make in this his first session an enviable reputation for usefulness and activity. Another military hero, General NEWTON M. CURTIS, is certain to attract attention. He is so very tall that his head caught part of a cloud of bullets that passed harmlessly over his regiment at the storming of Fort Fisher. He is always at work as the artist portrays him. The popular and impartial Speaker, Mr. GEORGE Z. ERWIN, whose face reminds one of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is, like General CURTIS, a son of St. Lawrence County. The portrait of Mr. WALTER HOWE, another conspicuous figure in the Chamber, was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 28, 1883. The Hon. KIDDER M. SCOTT, of Livingston, is the Solon of the House. An opinion from him upon a legal point is quite as much respected by every lawyer on the floor as if the Court of Appeals had rendered it. One of the younger members whose face has been caught in the artist's note-book is Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS ROESCH, who is called sometimes "the Thunderer from Avenue A," and sometimes "the member with two voices." As usual, he has a little bill. He has been accused of storing a mill for grinding out bills under his desk. They sometimes make a stir, for he is wide-awake and earnest. He begins his arguments in favor of them in soft and flute-like tones, but if they meet with opposition, he has another voice—a deep and powerful lower tone calculated to make the members pause and consider before they provoke it to its uttermost depths.

The gentlemen who grace the modest double circle of seats between the walls of mahogany and of onyx in the Senate-chamber comprise a less formal and a jollier body than the Assembly. The smiling face of PARKER, the janitor, seen in the smoking-room doorway, suggests the spirit that reigns in this higher hall. So, too, does the countenance of the wise and genial Senator from Rochester, Mr. CHARLES S. BAKER. The artist has presented a group of countenances that would impress themselves upon the memory of the visitor; Senator ARKELL, a business man who is at the same time literary in his inclinations, seldom speaking, but speaking well when he is aroused; Senator BOWEN, of Plattsburg, another business man, impatient at times over the slow and cautious methods of the lawyers and politicians around him; the bluff and good-natured Senator DAGGETT, of Brooklyn; Senator ROBB, representing "the brown-stone district" of the metropolis (perhaps the wealthiest on the continent), a friend of GROVER CLEVELAND, the ally in the Senate of THEODORE ROOSEVELT in the past, and called one of "the immaculates" by those who dislike purity in politics; Colonel M. C. MURPHY, leader of the Democrats, a shrewd man, always on his guard, swift to make a party point, and full of Irish humor; Senator THACHER, looking very much at home, for he is Albany's representative; Senator ESTY, admired and respected by all the Senate, and having the waxed mustache, the precise beard, and even the chivalrous bearing of a French marquis of the old school.

Last, but by no means least, Senator FREDERICK LANSING, of Watertown, the quaintest in figure and the wittiest in speech of all the Senators. The artist shows him when, as is frequently the case, he has strolled into a debate after the ponderous and dry-as-dust members have been befogging their hearers, to brighten it up with his good-humor and clear common-sense.

JULIAN RALPH.

ICE GORGES IN THE DELAWARE.

IF the ice in the Delaware at Trenton had been as thick at the time of WASHINGTON'S famous crossing as it has been this winter, it is not likely that the American army would have found any use for boats, but would have gone to the surprise of the Hessians on foot, and TRUMBULL'S familiar picture would be different. Between Lambertville, fourteen miles up the river from Trenton, and Periwig Bar, three miles below Trenton, the Delaware this winter has been gorged. The field of ice for ten or twelve miles down from Lambertville was made up at the beginning of this month of cakes weighing from 100 to 1000 pounds, piled and wedged in all positions. Cold had cemented them together until they made a solid mass from shore to shore. Just above Periwig Bar the river is a mile wide, and is divided by Morris Island, a narrow wooded strip. At that point the island was hemmed in, and its trees half hidden, and the gorge was higher than the New Jersey shore. City Surveyor HAVEN, of Trenton, estimated the height of the gorge above water-mark at thirty-five feet between the New Jersey shore and Morris Island. From Morris Island its height gradually decreased, until at the Pennsylvania shore it was only about eight feet. Except in mid-channel the gorge was thought to be solid ice to the river-bed, and between the New Jersey shore and Morris Island to measure fifty feet from bottom to top.

When the upper waters of the Delaware become loosened by warm weather, the people of Trenton expect a freshet. In certain parts of the city every man who owned a boat on March 16 had had it for some time handy, and the roofs of wood-sheds and other out-houses were covered with boats. A part of the picture on page 184, which represents a canal-boat moored to an upper story of a house, will give a notion of what the people of Trenton had in anticipation. A number of families had moved out of houses which were particularly exposed, several mills had shut down until after the break-up, and farmers on the Pennsylvania shore had removed their live stock, farming utensils, and household goods to higher ground, and were ready to quit with their families at short notice.

SENATOR LAMAR'S SUCCESSOR.

THE selection of Senator LAMAR as a member of the cabinet made a vacancy in the Senate, which the Governor of Mississippi has promptly filled by the appointment of General WALTHALL. But for his reluctance to interfere with the advancement of his friends, it is believed that General WALTHALL would have become a Senator several years earlier. He is a warm personal and political friend and a law partner of the Senator whom he succeeds. Indeed, it was believed, while the formation of the cabinet was under discussion, that if Senator LAMAR's wishes had been effectual, he would have remained in the Senate, and General WALTHALL would have taken his place in the cabinet. The new Senator had a conspicuous military career, entering the Confederate army as Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Mississippi, and rising to be a major-general and commander of a division in 1864. He is at the head of the bar in his State, and a famous orator, who is confidently expected to take his place among the foremost debaters of the Senate.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

DOCTORING ONE'S SELF.

"EVERY man his own lawyer" is, I believe, the title of a book which professes to conduct the layman through legal mazes without any other guide. "Every man his own doctor" would be perhaps too bold a title for the public, but it is substantially the claim of many a popular book on medicine or hygiene, and both among writers and the reading public there is a growing disposition to trust in private *expertise*, unprofessional skill, in matters that relate to health. It is urged that we ought to know as much as possible about the theory and practice of medicine and of law, and be able to doctor or to defend ourselves intelligently. On the other hand, the lawyers and physicians remind us that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and point to the lost causes and to the ruined health which have often followed the efforts of laymen to plead their own cases or to mend their own constitutions. There is truth on both sides of this question, but I have never seen it stated as clearly as it should be.

In the first place, it is not true that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It is the ignorance that remains behind the knowledge, and that tends to wrong action, that is the dangerous thing. No one was ever endangered by knowing that firm pressure on a ruptured artery will stop a threatening hemorrhage, but many a wounded man has bled to death because the pressure was not applied at the right point. A little knowledge of law or of medicine is often, on the contrary, helpful. It is always helpful when it points the way toward the further knowledge that is needed, or helps one to recognize the need, when need arises, of special skilled aid. Thus the lightest ailments, which, as a rule, cure themselves after running a prescribed course, occasionally develop symptoms which a little knowledge will enable the nurse or parent to recognize as dangerous, as when a slight hoarseness develops into diphtheria, or a common cold into pneumonia. In these and many other cases a little saving of time may save a life; and even a little knowledge of symptoms is invaluable, for it tells us when to call promptly on the physician's better knowledge and skill.

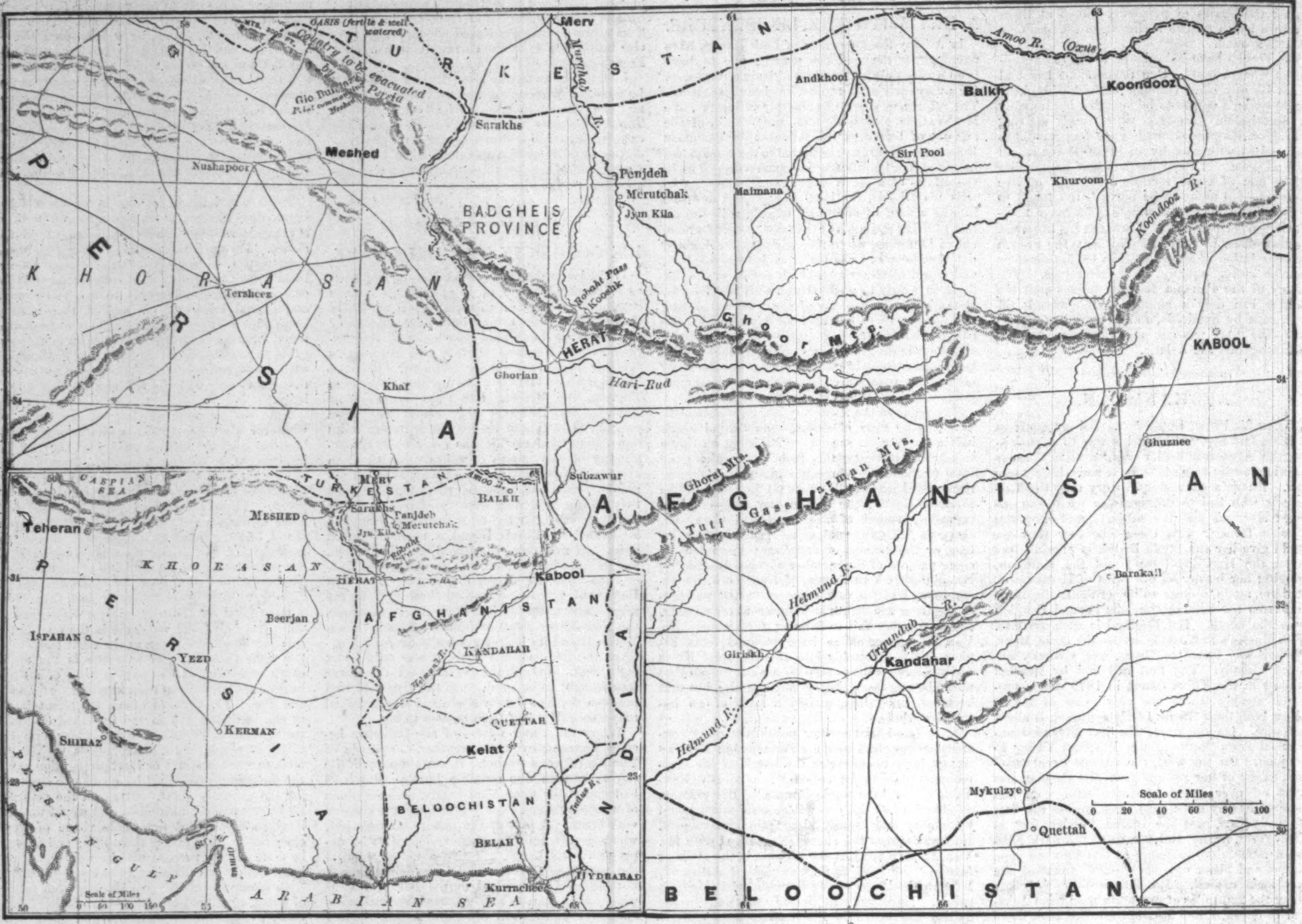
There are, indeed, persons in whom a little knowledge, whether in things scientific or literary, produces the inward sentiment of omniscience. For such persons nothing can be more dangerous than their knowledge. But when a little knowledge goes with a consciousness of its own limitations, and serves to say when more and special knowledge is needed, then a little knowledge is a very desirable and not a dangerous thing. Such knowledge of principles is the best guide to practice, but it should not be confounded with the sure practical skill, the genuine *expertise*, that comes only with the fullest attainable knowledge.

Now the amateur employment of drugs, of whatever kind, has thus the disadvantage that, however good the medicines may be, they are yet implements in untrained hands. They are not used with full knowledge either of their own properties or of the ailments for which they are given. There are still people who think that some medicines are "good" or "bad" in the abstract, like the fictitious categories of theological metaphysics. Of course there is no cruder blunder than this either in medicine or metaphysics. The medicine that is good for *anthrax* is bad for *zymosis*, what is good to-day is bad to-morrow, what is good for Edith is bad for Ethel, and so on. The only good medicine is the one that is rightly chosen and given at the right moment to the right person. This selection is the physician's province; and in this, in spite of all that he does not know, he at least knows more than any one else. The fault of quack treatment is not in the medicine, but in the unskilled choice of the medicine. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a quack medicine, unless we use the term to mean a secret or inert preparation. But the medicines prescribed by quacks or amateurs are not generally inert. Often, on the contrary, they are excellent medicines, and would do good if given fitly. But the whole virtue of medicines lies in their giving them fitly; and this can be done only by persons who have special knowledge both of the disease and of the medicament.

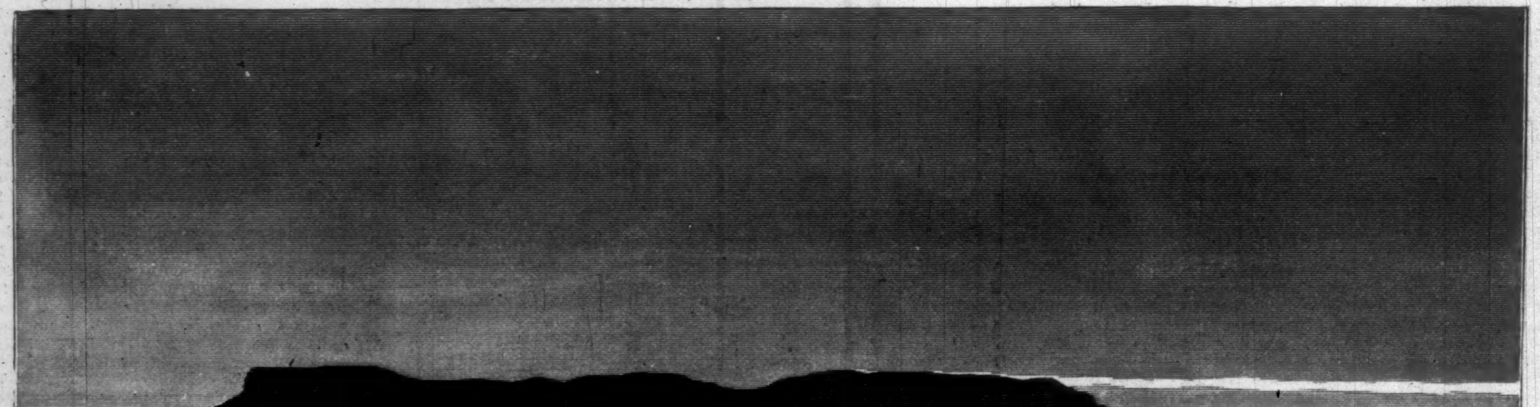
In ignorance of this lies the essential fallacy of quack treatment of every sort, whether advertised, peripatetic, or domestic, and there is as much ignorant domestic treatment as any other. It is not the medicine, but the ignorant prescription of the medicine, that does the harm. The right adaptation of the medicine to the ailment is the last acquisition of the physician's skill, and the best medicine becomes the worst when it is given in the wrong.

Striking examples of these mistaken efforts at self-treatment may be found in the case of the curative mineral waters. These remedies, taken in conjunction not only with the hygienic treatment that is enforced at the best foreign spas, but also with the complete change of surroundings and of the way of life that comes of a foreign residence, are, when properly taken, among the most effective means of cure that we possess. Properly chosen, they are applicable, in their infinite variety, to a most extended range of human ailments. I know, indeed, of no other curative agencies which are preferable to or more potent than mineral waters when thus taken at their sources. And yet how are they actually taken by nine out of ten of our summer health-seekers? They are practically self-prescribed. A patient suffers from nervous exhaustion, or prostration from mental suffering, or from some form of dyspepsia, or from gout, rheumatism, obesity, enervation, anæmia, or whichever of the long catalogue of ailments that are treated at watering-places, and he has heard that watering-places have wrought many cures. But there are a thousand watering-places, and more, to choose among, and choice must be made. His physician, in nine cases out of ten, has not made any special study of the curative values of mineral waters, for these have not been much prescribed by the medical profession in this country. The patient consults the experience of a friend who has been to some good cure—say to Barèges, or Carlsbad, or Contrexéville, or Spa, or Toplitz, or Wiesbaden—all admirable waters for their special purposes, but each representing a special class of effects, and the decision is made by an unintelligent or unguided choice between them. The result is failure. Carlsbad, for instance, is the "queen" of the alkaline spas, and cures thousands of chronic cases that are adapted to its potent waters. But you will find, as I have done, the man at Baden-Baden who should have gone to Carlsbad, the man who should be using the sulphur water of Barèges will be at Contrexéville, and so on through the long alphabet of mineral springs. The mistake made by taking disinterested but wrong advice before setting out is confirmed by interested advice given on arriving at the spot, and the result is a disappointment. The patient comes away, after a fruitless course of treatment, with the conviction that there is nothing in mineral waters. Doctoring one's self does no good in such case. It is only by the right choice of a spring, as of any other medicinal agent, under competent professional advice, that its good effects can be expected.

TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.



THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY—MAP OF THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ABU-KLEA, AFTER THE REPULSE OF THE ARABS, JANUARY 17.—FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

ODDS AND ENDS AT ALBANY—NOTES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.—[See Page 187.]

1. The Speaker makes a few Remarks. 2. The Hon. Frederick Lansing on guard. 3. The Clerk of the Senate reading a Bill. 4. The Hon. N. M. Curtis—always at work. 5. Mr. Roesch has a little Bill. 6. Senator Arkell. 7. Senator Robb. 8. Senator Murphy. 9. Senator Esty. 10. Senator Bowen. 11. An able Journalist. 12. Assemblyman Kidder M. Scott. 13. Assemblyman Hogeboom. 14. The Albany Senator. 15. Senator Daggett. 16. The Bald Eagle. 17. Hon. Henry A. Barnum. 18. Speaker Erwin. 19. Clerk Chickering. 20. Senator Cullen. 21. Senator C. S. Baker. 22. Mr. Van Allen has the floor. 23. The Superintendent of Public Buildings. 24. The Veteran Janitor, Nelson Parker. 25. Consultation of the Senate "Left." 26. Senator Otis.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARIES.

MR. JOHN CADWALLADER, who has been spoken of in connection with the position of Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, is a cousin of JOHN L. CADWALLADER, who held that office under ex-Secretary FISH. He is related to Secretary BAYARD by marriage, and belongs to one of the oldest English families in this country, besides being connected with the British nobility. His home is in Philadelphia, where he has long been a leader in social and political life.

The appointment of Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury has been received with very general favor, in view of his successful administration of the Attorney-Generalship of New York, and of the presidency of the State Charities Aid Association. He is a lawyer of wide experience, and an incorruptible citizen, whose large wealth places him above the suspicion of being tempted. The government is to be congratulated upon the accession of so competent an officer. Mr. FAIRCHILD is a graduate of Harvard College and Law School. His age is forty-three.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

DELTA-METAL, newly discovered, is said to be tougher and much superior to brass in all ways, and likely to supplant brass absolutely. It is well, however, that the name of the older compound has got a good start in literature and common usage. To have found a hero of the Iliad greaved in far-sounding delta-metal would have been melancholy, and we should have been unfortunate indeed if a brazen lie had ever come to us nominally disguised as a delta-metallic lie.

A French physician says that persons who sleep upon the right side have dreams that are absurd, illogical, childish, uncertain, incoherent, and full of vivacity and exaggeration, and that such persons frequently compose verses which, though correct enough, are absolutely without sense. On the contrary, the dreams of persons who sleep upon their left side are apt to be intelligent. It is gratifying to receive this knowledge. Certain poets hitherto occult and difficult are now explicable and easy. They sleep upon their right side.

A New England insurance company refuses to insure houses which contain fish globes or spherical water bottles. The reason is that these cause the rays of the sun to converge, as burning-glasses do, and set fire to things. In London no danger is apprehended from this source, especially in the month of November.

It is curious to find President Barnard, of the New York Language Association, holding up the word "mugwump" for reprehension as slang. Only a little while ago Mr. David Dudley Field, also of the association, delivered a lecture in which he pleaded for more aboriginal words for use in this country. Mugwump is an aboriginal word which is found in Eliot's Indian Bible. It signifies a chief, a leader. It is a striking word of interesting and dignified origin. In cautious England it has been received most hospitably. A great many people who object to slang accept it as a solid and forcible word which it is a pleasure to pronounce.

An English physician says that children never cry without an excuse for it. This is a remark which possibly is without any great depth of important meaning. A child may cry simply because it does not know any better, and that is an excuse. But following the idea, it is noticeable that the male of the human species gives up crying at a comparatively early period, whereas the female may be said to continue the practice on slight provocation through life. Let the English physician apply himself further, and explain why this is so. Is it that man is too dull or too lazy to be forever explaining, whereas ready-witted woman, having a stock of excuses that never fails, finds only pleasure in their constant application?

It is said that there is a young man in Indiana who never shuts his eyes when he goes to sleep. In addition to the interesting contrast that this young man offers to the fabled Nelly Bly, and to the resemblance that he affords to the sleepless eye that is a favorite illustration on the letter-heads of certain detective agencies, it is curious to think that he can, if he chooses, sleep soundly in church while preserving an appearance of the strictest and most wide-awake decorum.

The Columbia *Spectator* says of the college boat crews: "Part of the work done every day consists of exercise with chest-weights, back-weights, and dumb-bells. Of course the work on the rowing-machines forms the principal part. Following the advice of Mr. Robert Cornell, who is now coaching the crews, they are all using blocked slides. A much slower stroke is used in the gymnasium than that of last year, as it has been thought prudent to drop the stroke to an average of thirty-two a minute for the rest of the time before going on the river. On three afternoons of the week all the crews omit the work with the back-weights, and take a brisk run of half a mile."

The *Williams Literary Monthly*, of Williams College, will begin publication in April.

On the night of Herr Sonnenthal's first appearance at the Thalia Theatre the appointments afforded for the play, *Uriel Acosta*, were not of a wastfully magnificent character. The audience were most warmly and affectionately disposed toward the eminent guest from Vienna, but they could not forbear from snickering, as people do in a minstrel show, at a very serious and elevated part of the play, where Uriel and his sweetheart met in the garden of her uncle, a rich Amsterdam merchant. It was a most shabby garden—one that an Avenue A publican would have thoroughly overhauled before he ventured to invite the public to drink beer in it; but the audience overlooked that, and followed with expressive silence the great actor's every look and movement and word. The heroine, however, had occasion to say, at the beginning of a pathetic passage, "Upon this marble table," and as she did so she dropped her hand upon a table which had been provided for the decoration of the rich merchant's garden. The audience, as if physically tickled, burst into a universal snicker, and Herr Sonnenthal himself smiled as he followed the movement of the lady's hand. It fell upon a table that would not have brought a York shilling at the most successful auction—a most unmarble and rickety affair, with a leg knocked off and the paint almost gone, and its wood for the most part converted by time, neglect, and moisture into apparent punk. The thing rattled and gave signs of collapse as the lady's hand fell gently upon it. The house could not help snickering, and Herr Sonnenthal took no offense because it did so.

A correspondent of the Harvard *Crimson*, in deploring the edict of the college athletic committee against foot-ball, says, "The Duke of Wellington declared that all his great victories had been decided long before on the foot-ball fields of England.... There is so little vigorous manhood among us now that the very name we should most glory in has become a term of ridicule; but if the little that still redeems us is taken away, Harvard will become synonymous for all that is weak, puerile, and despicable."

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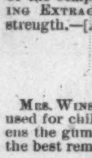
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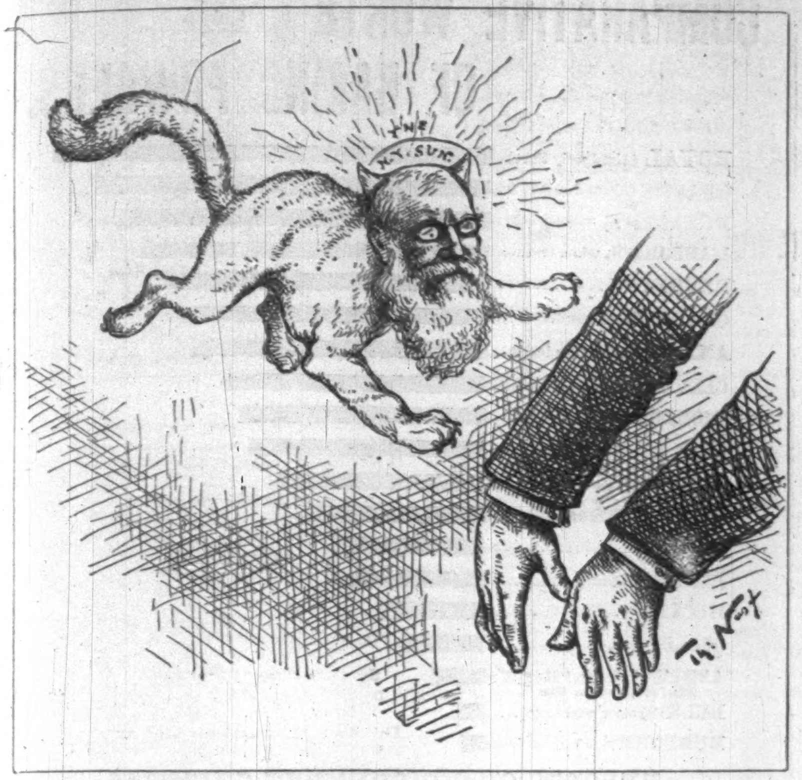

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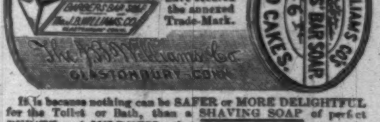

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